

BRITANNIA and EVE

APRIL
1944



NEGLEY FARSON
DAY RUSSELL

STANLEY JACKSON
JANE GORDON

F. MATANIA, R.I.



WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

Spring Mood on the FOOD FRONT

In the fields and in the orchards, in our gardens, and in the shops, spring is sounding her reveille, urging us, also, to wake up, to renew and refresh. And with the call, Nature provides the fresh, clean-tasting foods that do so much to revive us. Now is the chance to bring new freshness to our menus, and to take stock of what's already in the store cupboard, to see if we can't use those foods in new ways.



Nature's Tonic Foods

Greens of all kinds are truly tonic foods. In this respect they more than make up even for the fresh fruit you're missing. They contain vitamin C and also iron, both of which help to tone and cheer you up, and to bring colour to your cheeks and lips. But don't eat greens "just because they're good for you." They can taste jolly good, too. Here's a challenge:

Choose greens as fresh as possible, wash thoroughly in cold water, but don't soak over-long. Shred with a sharp knife, drop them into a very little boiling salted water, boil fast, with the lid on, for 10-15 minutes—NO LONGER. Serve at once.

Done this way, greens keep their crisp freshness and fine clean flavour—keep their health values, too. So always serve properly cooked greens—

and when fresh fruit is scarce—double helpings, please!

Grow your own flavourings

Herbs are such a boon in varying the flavour of soups, stews and salads, that it pays to have some always by you. Why not grow your own? Mint, chives (the spiky green leaves of which taste like spring onion), sage, thyme, parsley. Parsley, indeed, is an important health-protector too: it is so rich in vitamin C and in iron. You need very little ground—sunny window boxes or a few pots will do. Now is the time to plant. And don't forget to dry some of your herb harvest for winter use. Just before they flower is the best time to gather herbs for drying.



Emerald Salad

Line a bowl with the tender inner leaves of a young cabbage or spring greens (raw). Fill the centre, first with a layer of finely shredded spring greens; then add a few chopped leaves of spinach, or later on, turnip tops; some chopped parsley or watercress; and a little sliced pickled onion, or other pickle. Garnish with whole sprigs of parsley or watercress. Add diced cooked beetroot if liked. Dress or serve with mint sauce, or vinegar in which is mixed a little made mustard, pepper and salt.



Look over your stores

Examine apple rings, dried peas and beans, and turn out any that are not keeping. Turn over tinned foods, especially sardines and similar fish, so that the liquid reaches everywhere. Halves of plums, bottled without sugar, make an interesting addition to salads.

Blossom time reminds you

Fruits are apt to be "here today and gone tomorrow," aren't they? Don't be caught unprepared for your preserving this year. Look over your rubber bands and closures, and preserving jars now. Renew any that are not perfect and buy a few more, as you see them.

A word to expectant Mothers

The extra foods to which you are entitled on the Green Ration Book are intended for you and for you alone. You need these extra foods for your own sake and for the sake of the babe who is coming. So don't share them. Get and use the Green Ration Book (R.B.2) and remember, eat all those extras yourself.



ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S87)

Q 736



2-ply coupon-saver

Send 3d. In stamps to Dept. 53 for Booklet 982

P&B knitting wools

Made by PATONS & BALDWIN LTD
ALLOA SCOTLAND & HALIFAX ENGLAND

120-B

Balanced Food



PROCEA BREAD is balanced bread—its body building protein and starch content is scientifically balanced and has more food value than ordinary bread. There's less bread wastage in your home if you buy Procea because Procea keeps fresh for days—and it makes delicious toast.

From your baker, or, in case of difficulty, write to:—

PROCEA PRODUCTS LTD. Cambridge Works, London, W.7

☐ Sandwich recipes will willingly be sent by our Cookery Adviser, IRENE VEAL, M.C.A., if you send us a stamped addressed envelope.

Procea Bread

JAEGER



YOU CAN BUY

JAEGER EVERYWHERE

My Lady's Secret!



WHO would believe that the shoes she wore when shopping were the same she wore to the Charity Concert? But Moccasin Shoes are cleverly styled to go with morning or afternoon wear. And, in order to stand up to this double duty, Moccasin Shoes are built with skill and care to last. Good craftsmanship goes into Moccasin Shoes whether they're Utility or otherwise. So, when you buy your next pair of shoes, why not ask for Moccasin?

MOCCASIN

*Two purpose
Shoes*



PADMORE & BARNES LTD., NORTHAMPTON

Britannia & Eve for April, 1944



The lads from our street

The men who fought at Narvik, at Bruneval and Crete,
They were youngsters from our village,

and lads from down our street;

The men who followed Monty, the deathless desert rats

Once played round here — with sticks for stumps

and lumps of wood for bats:

A day will come when bells will ring

and flags will be unfurled

To cheer the British Tommies

who helped to save the world;

Great men will tell how once they snatched

high victory from defeat,

But to us they'll always be the lads

who went from down our street.

SALUTE THE SOLDIER

How can we show our gratitude to these men? The best, the most practical tribute we can offer them is to give them our complete support—by saving more. Let that be your salute to the soldier. **SAVE MORE**



Issued by the National Savings Committee

in **GREEN**
packets

This good cigarette
is welcomed every-
where. Cool,
smooth and mild—
yet deeply satisfying.
It has no cork tip—
that's why it is called
Craven PLAIN.

**CRAVEN
PLAIN**

In **GREEN** packets 10 for 1/2 20 for 2/4

Carreras Ltd., 150 Years' Reputation for Quality **EF** P. 15.



Minton China marks the perfection of a century and a half of
artistry and craftsmanship; its beauty and distinction are traditional
and when happier days return Minton charm and elegance will
contribute ever more indispensably to the joy of gracious living.

MINTON

The World's Most Beautiful China

MINTON'S LTD. • STOKE-UPON-TRENT • EST. 1793



*They're Friendly
They're Smart
They're Hutton's*



In a good range of colours.
Ask for "Hutton" Shoes by name at
Dolcis, Lilley & Skinner's, Saxone,
and most good Shoe Shops.



KC 319-769

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E16



GRIGOR for
VIGOR

Traditional quality
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
in original OLD FASHIONED
FLASK

Unsurpassed in quality although
restricted in distribution by
scarcity of old stocks.

**WILLIAM GRIGOR & SON
INVERNESS**



Two-colour jersey from La Laine Leaflet No. 2140,
3d. from your wool shop or 4d. post paid direct.

*Inspiration for the Spring by La Laine
which still retains its pre-war quality and
excellence, although supplies are limited.*

LA LAINE
knitting wool

In difficulty write Bairns-Wear Ltd., Dept. LL 153, Nottingham
CVS—L27

JOAN BULL takes the BISCUIT!

—and needs it too. Biscuits help her to carry on her countless jobs, whether in the Services or on the land, in factories, in hospitals, or keeping the home going.

Biscuits are concentrated energy-food, and the finest ingredients obtainable—wheat sugar and fats—are used by Weston, the largest makers of biscuits in the Empire.

(The distribution of Weston Biscuits is made by zones according to Ministry of Food instructions, and as supplies are allocated in exact proportion to individual quotas, every Weston stockist receives exactly similar treatment.)



Weston BISCUITS

HARTLEY'S

JAMS & MARMALADES

*Made the 'REAL JAM' way
in scientifically controlled
Hartley factories*

**THE VERY BEST THAT
CAN BE BOUGHT TODAY**

HARTLEY'S
The greatest name in jam-making



*What lustre!
What sheen!*

**WITH A CLOTH AND
MIN CREAM**

FOR ALL HIGHLY POLISHED FURNITURE

*The supply is restricted and your Dealer may be out of stock.
Always apply MIN sparingly.*

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4

For Children's Underwear



THE NAME IS *Meridian*

"The perfect fabric for sensitive skins" is just another peace-time way of saying Meridian—and that is why Meridian has, for so long, been chosen by mothers and approved by daughters. Nowadays it has to conform to "Utility" specifications, but the name "Meridian" stands for a lot.

J. B. LEWIS & SONS LTD., Nottingham. Estd. 1815. Suppliers to the Wholesale Trade

Service Footwear



by *SWAN*

● REGULATION SERVICE MODEL BY
CROCKETT & JONES, NORTHAMPTON

MANUFACTURERS OF
'SWAN' SHOES & 'HEALTH' SHOES

CVS—99



Put those sticky fingers on the radio Baby!

The radio is so convenient to clutch at when you are learning to walk. So have it your own way, baby. HOMOSS polished the radio to a rich gleam that laughs at finger-marks. HOMOSS keeps furniture bright and gleaming but not stand-offish. HOMOSS polishes more quickly; and the result lasts longer. In fact, HOMOSS is the furniture dressing for homemakers. Make yours a HOMOSS home.

Obtainable from leading stores. If any difficulty write to Dept. FP 1, Simmonds Products Ltd., Great West Road, London.

PRICE 1/6 per bottle

HOMOSS
FURNITURE DRESSING
MADE BY SIMMONDS OF SPOSS FAME



FASHION KNIT
Fashion "it" with

Good



Fine Knitting Wools

L. COPLEY-SMITH & SONS LTD
MANCHESTER AND LONDON



"Oven-fresh at three months old."

That is what tests have proved M & D Oval Marie Biscuits to be, and that's what you'd expect of the products of Meredith and Drew, who have been making high-class Biscuits for 114 years. We know you like M & D Digestives. Now we want to introduce you to M & D Oval Marie: you'll like them quite as much. They're made from the finest ingredients available — and you get 70 to the pound: grand value for points!

Owing to zoning regulations, M & D Biscuits are not on sale in all parts of the country. Even where zoning regulations do not apply, M & D Biscuits may be in short supply or difficult to obtain, owing to increased demands for the Forces and the necessity to build up food reserves.

MEREDITH & DREW

MEREDITH & DREW LTD., ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH, LEICESTERSHIRE



Anne French regrets that she has been unable to supply many of her clients with her Cleansing Milk. After the war, however, she hopes once again to supply all the demands of the home market. In the meantime, she is helping the war effort by developing her business abroad where her Cleansing Milk is becoming increasingly popular.

CLEANSING MILK BY

Anne French

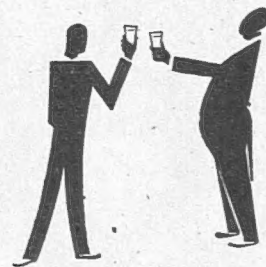
OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

"Staybrite"

FOR THE MODERN KITCHEN

"Staybrite" is now on war service and is not at present available for use in making domestic articles.

FIRTH-VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD SHEFFIELD



May we
"in more continue
times strike off this
score of absence."

Schweppes



**STOP
THIEF!**

Bathroom bickering over the possession of the perfect toothpaste! Both sexes use it. Both acclaim it. So fresh and tangy is the flavour ELIZABETH ARDEN TOOTHPASTE produces—so effectively does it cleanse the teeth—that it leaves the mouth as cool as a Spring morning. Elizabeth Arden Toothpaste is particularly recommended to heavy smokers. 1/10 including tax.

**Elizabeth Arden
TOOTH PASTE**

25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W1



One of the Liberty Sports Range

**Walk with Liberty
make collection easy**

"My house-to-house work for the Red Cross Penny-A-Week Fund is much easier now that I Walk with Liberty," smiled a collector. "I am much more smartly shod, I am healthier, happier, and my feet are never tired. No wonder the demand for Liberty makes supply difficult."

Liberty Shoes Ltd.
LEICESTER



B.E.2



When the Post-war Girl opens her Book of Fashion, she'll find a new order in foundation garments! For the latest Youthlines will be there, to give the smooth silhouette which a streamlined age will demand. As for comfort—but you'll be hearing all about these new creations in good time. Meanwhile, the name to keep in mind is *Youthline*

GIRDLES. CORSELETTES AND BRAS. BY W.B.

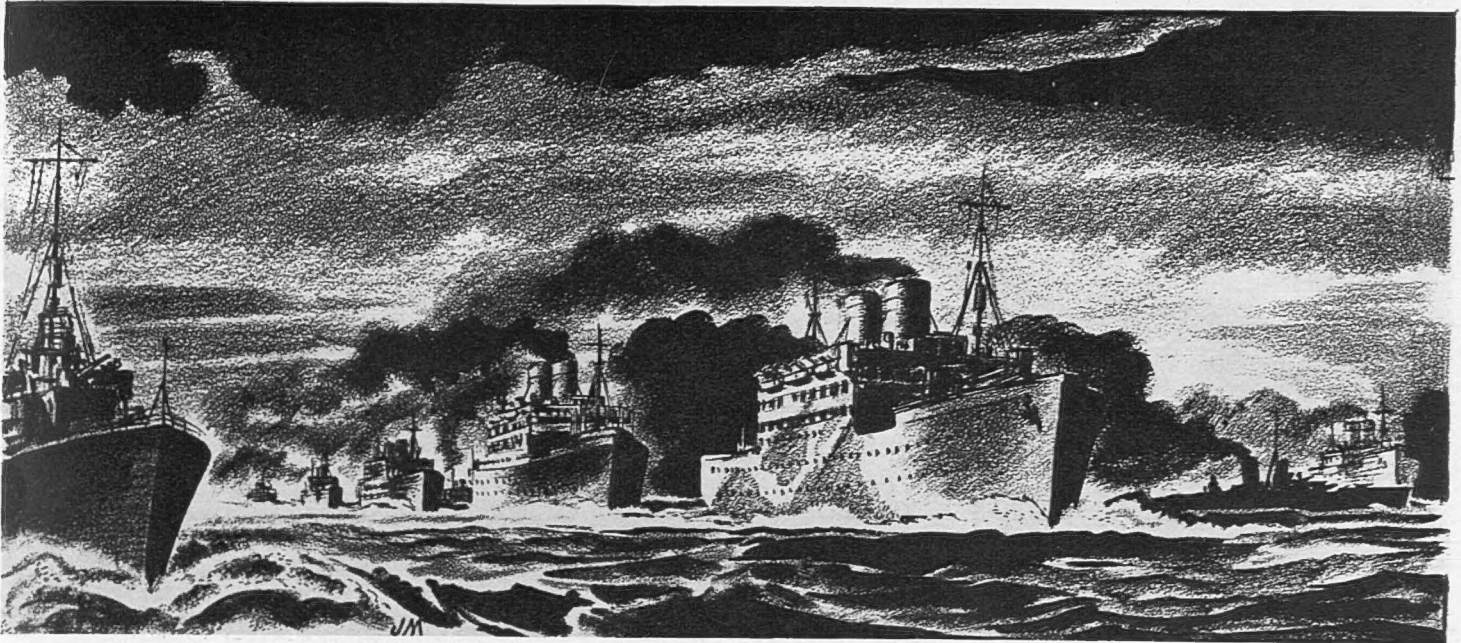


The long, graceful folds of this coat are a true product of the Harella master-touch! In off-white, camel, grey and fawn. See the whole Harella range at any good fashion store, or, if in difficulty, write to L. Harris Limited (wholesale only), 243, Regent Street, London, W.1.

Britannia & Eve for April, 1944

Britannia and Eve

APRIL ★ 1944



It had been an impressive sight as the cruisers and destroyers came along, zigzagging wildly. They were leading troopships packed with troops.

HE remembered how he'd groaned when they first came on board in the bulky buff envelope. More "bumf." Probably more Port Orders, laying down, in a wealth of detail, just how everything should be done. Full of traps and snags. "Your attention is called to Port Order Number 123 Para, 2 (b). Report forthwith why this has not been carried out." But that outer envelope gave no hint of its contents, and when he saw that they were marked SECRET he'd taken them along to the seclusion of his cabin and read them, alone.

One glance at the first page had been sufficient to show him that this was different from routine work. Very different. He remembered how absorbed he'd been, lost to all sense of time and incidental noises of the ship as the story unfolded itself in clear-cut phrases, page by page. Absorbed in exhilarating words like battle-ships, aircraft-carriers, troopships, supply ships, assault ships, cruisers, corvettes, mine-sweepers, destroyers, tank landing ships—and hospital ships.

He'd never lost that wonderful feeling of exhilaration since the first reading. In fact, it had been more and more intensified as the time drew near for all that careful planning, and minute detail, to be put into operation. It was a glorious feeling, mixed with pride and thankfulness at being fortunate enough to be taking part in what would be, very soon now, world news.

He'd only vaguely heard of the place before, in spite of many years at sea. He had a dim recollection that there was a big harbour thereabouts, with a small town. Now, after what seemed like hundreds of readings of those operation orders, and endless study of charts, he could picture every detail of the harbour, the town, and what lay behind the town. Especially what lay behind the town. That town

and that large, land-locked harbour were going to be attacked and captured from the enemy. It was to be a surprise attack.

Security was essential in a surprise attack, and he smiled as he thought how his officers must have thought he was fussy, if not eccentric, during those busy two days before they sailed. But neither they nor anybody else on board, except himself, knew what was locked up in his steel chest. "Get plenty of timber on board, Number One," he'd told the First Lieutenant,

and when he saw the questions forming he'd brusquely cut him short with, "I don't care how you get it, but get it on board before we sail. Baulks, spars, pit props, if you like. Get plenty, and some wedges, too." Number One hadn't argued any more. He got the timber, plenty of it; and the wedges.

But security, as with every other detail, was allowed for in the operation orders, and a cover story was provided to account for the movements of the ships. He chuckled as he thought of that convoy conference. It seemed to be the usual conference which the Masters of the store ships and supply ships were quite used to. But the destination was false. The route after a certain point was false, and at that point the Masters would be signalled to open the sealed orders which would be given to them at the last possible moment before sailing. One grizzled Master Mariner had

many questions to ask about his expected difficulties at the "destination." Solemnly these difficulties were carefully considered and dealt with one by one, by the Naval officer conducting the conference, until the Master Mariner was completely satisfied. The inscrutable face of the Naval officer did not disclose the fact that he was on the distribution list of the operation orders. Security was again the reason behind the strategy of splitting the expedition in two. The slower

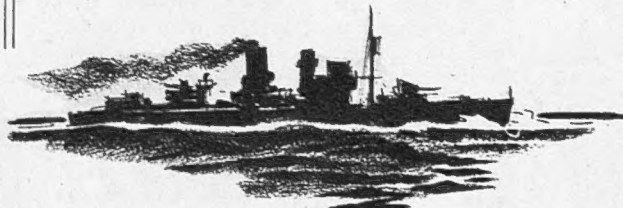


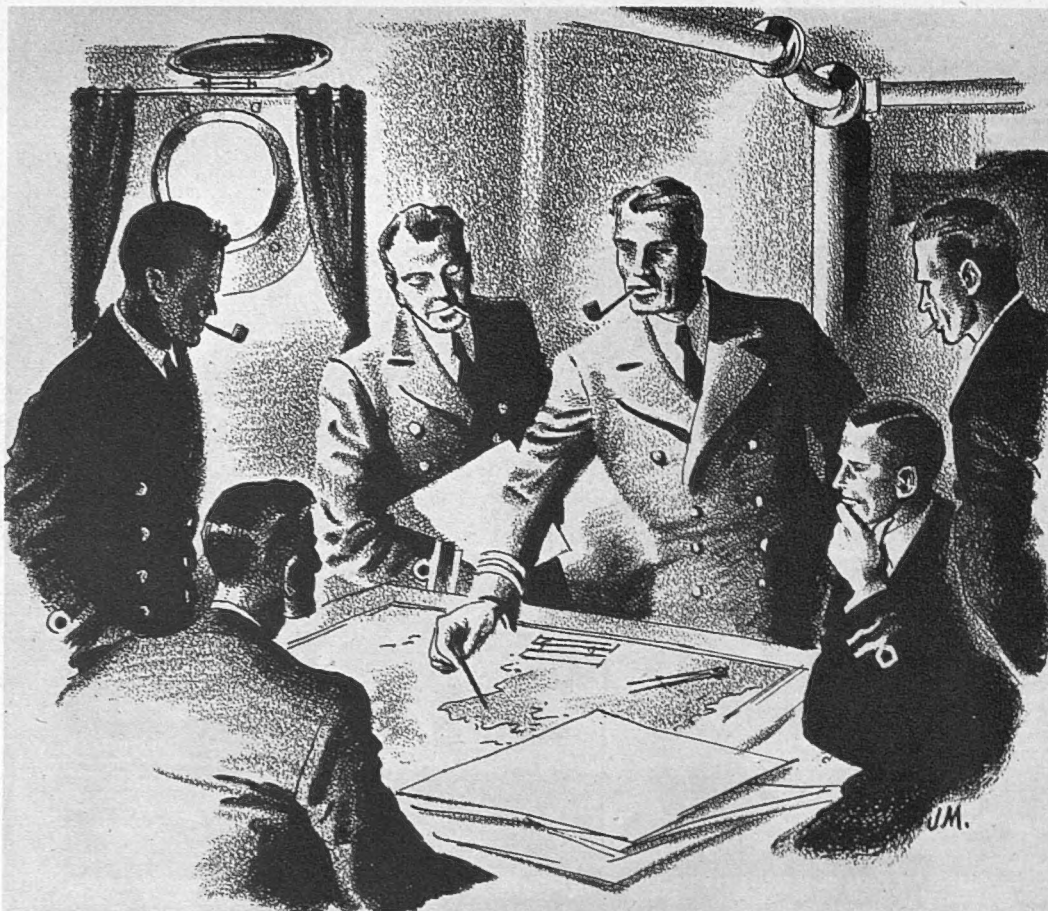
Combined Operations

The Story of a Successful Mission

By

Sidney L. B. Maybury





HE had explained the tactics in detail. Showed them the charts of the harbour, the town, the fortifications, the gun positions, aerodrome, and the minefields.

supply and assault ships had left first, with their escorts. The faster ships, with the aircraft-carriers and cruisers, had left some days later. But all were to meet for the last stages of the approach.

That was the first step in the operation, and that had been carried out to perfection. Precisely at the time and place arranged, he had seen the faint

smudges of large, dark-grey ships appearing over the horizon astern. It had been an impressive sight as the cruisers, destroyers, and aircraft-carriers came along, zigzagging wildly, with a large plume of white bow-wave denoting their speed. They were leading troopships packed with troops. From his vantage point as one of the many leading escort ships, he could see them all as one homogeneous armada now that they had joined up. He checked them off as he counted them. Yes, all there and all in exactly the right station pre-arranged for them in the operation orders. All were behind his line of escorting corvettes who were turning together in the zigzag like a front line of well-drilled chorus girls. The destroyers on the flanks, he thought, were more like ballet dancers. More sensitive to movement, and faster.

Shortly after they had left port, a signal had been received to say that the operation could be disclosed to all concerned. He had mustered the officers and told them the details.

He would never forget the scene in his cabin. The cigarette smoke, the charts littered on the table with parallel rulers and dividers, the officers perched on extemporised seats. One seated on his bunk nursing the black cat which had been discovered asleep there, three sharing his armchair. He would never forget the eager expressions on their faces. The glow of excitement, their eyes alight, and the dynamic enthusiasm of youth displayed by the Midshipmen.

They'd asked questions which he could answer without reference to the operation orders. He knew them almost by heart. He had explained the tactics in detail, showed them the charts of the harbour, the town, the fortifications, the gun positions, aerodrome, and the

minefields. They noted very carefully what lay behind the town. A winding road, about sixteen miles long, between hills, leading across a neck of land to the sea again. There it branched out to a series of bays which were studded with rocks, shoals, reefs, small islands, and became the meeting-place of treacherous and uncertain currents. No town there, only barren hills and two gun batteries. The bays were also infested with mines.

It was intended that the armada of attacking ships should enter these bays and land the troops on the beaches—in the dark. The troops were then to capture the two batteries, gain the road, and then attack the town and harbour fortifications from the rear. Stiff opposition was to be expected.

Those were the practical details of the tactics, but he'd also told them about the subtle side. How there was to be a diversion. The large harbour was strongly defended. Batteries of guns ringed the harbour and covered the bottle-neck entrance. These guns were also placed to fire to seaward, and that was the direction whence an attack would be expected to come. It would be a hard nut to crack from that side. The other side would be considered impregnable at night, with its rock-infested bays and its minefields. But those bays now had their beaches named by colours in the operation orders. Red, Blue, White, and Green beaches.

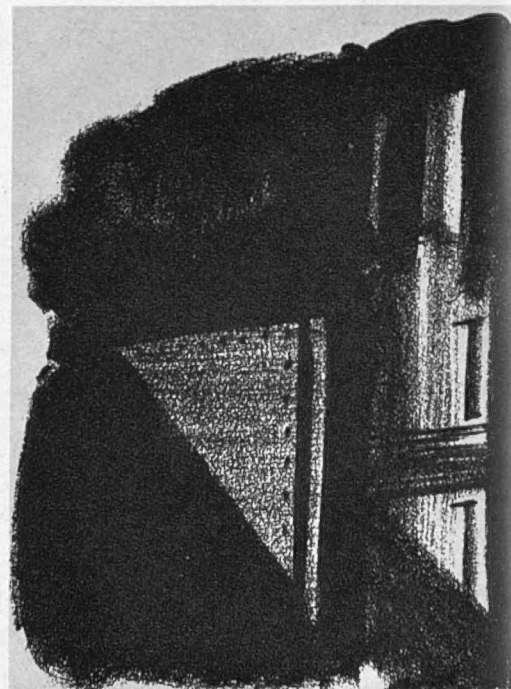
He'd explained how, in the last stages of the approach, the big fellows, aircraft-carriers and cruisers, would detach from the main body and proceed round the neck of land to the other side where they would provide the diversion by sea and air. Meantime, the main attack would commence behind the town on those coloured beaches. In other words, they were coming in through the back door.

Then came the details of their own ship, and her job. "We are a mine-sweeping corvette and we go in ahead with the minesweepers," he had told

AT first it seemed as though a cloud shadow was creeping slowly across the water. Then, when the details became clearer, it resembled a swarm of fat black-beetles moving slowly but effortlessly towards the beaches. The whispering at the forward gun ceased as all stared at this impressive sight.



AS he gazed ahead, through the large night binoculars he could see the outlines of the black hills quite clearly.



them. "Get cracking with that timber, Number One. Shore up every bulkhead with your spars and beams. Never mind about the discomfort. If the beams cross the Ward Room table we'll have our meals on them. Wedge them in. Strengthen the decks, put strongbacks on the hatches, and if there are any spars left over, make rafts." "Aye, aye, Sir," Number One had replied, with a grin. He'd guessed what those spars were for.

He had felt a tremendous relief as he gave that information. For days he had nursed it in his mind. It had seemed too big, too wonderful, to brood over alone. He had been longing for the opportunity to share it with all hands on board, to discuss it with his officers, to plunge into a maze of technical details, and, above all, to do something. Ever since that talk the ship had been a hive of activity with everyone as busy as bees in it. He'd given a similar talk to the men, and watched similar expressions of eager enthusiasm light up their faces as he spoke.

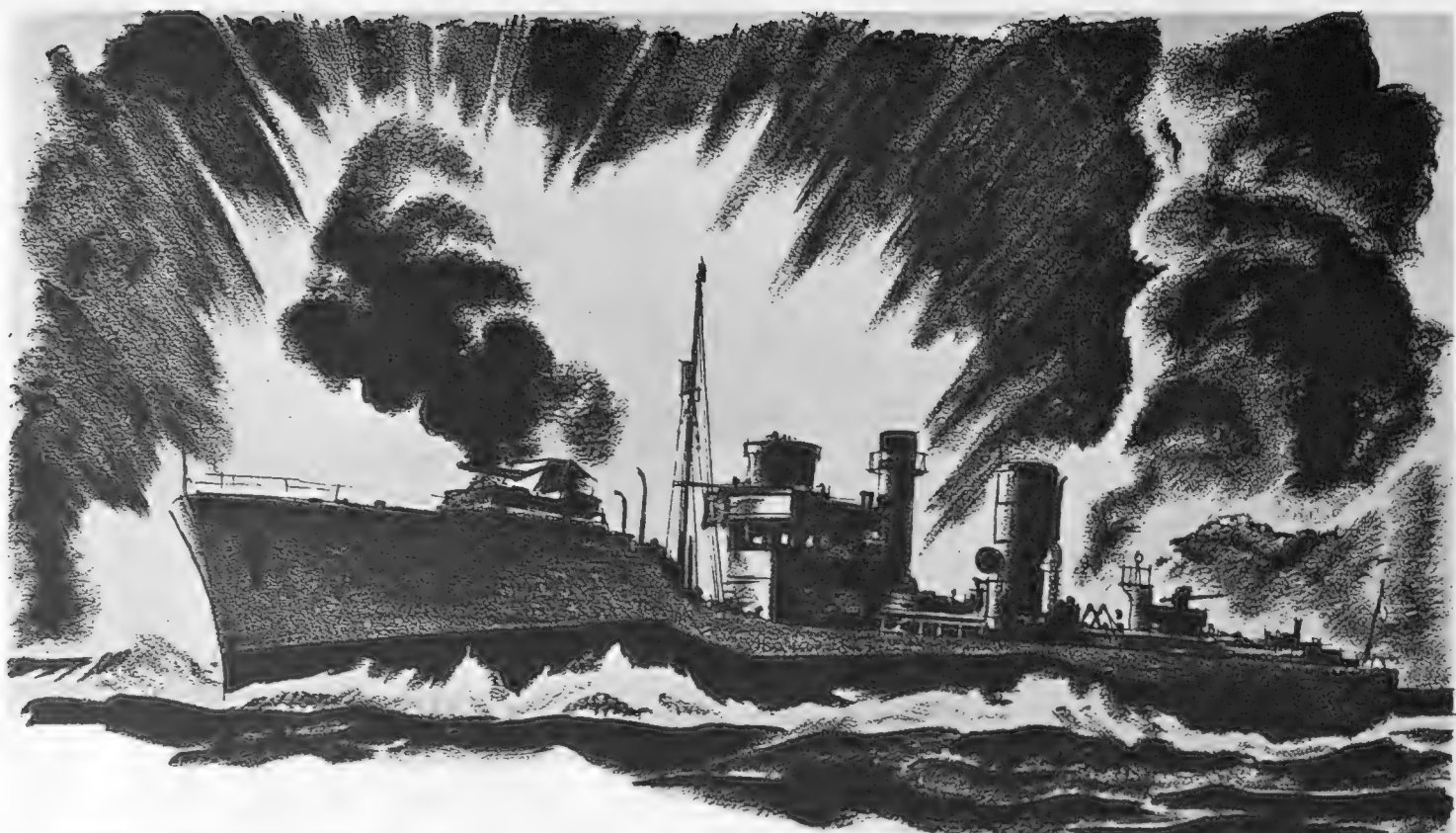
HAVING the details of the operation firmly fixed in his mind left his thoughts free to concentrate on preparation. His pent-up energy could vent itself in seeing to it that every conceivable situation was prepared for, that the ship and the men in her were ready to do the job required of them, foreseen and unforeseen eventualities included.

He checked through some of those preparations as he gazed round at the grey shapes. Minesweeping gear overhauled, the crew practised so that they could handle the cumbersome gear in the dark—and silently. The guns' crews drilled to perfection, ammunition checked, guns lovingly overhauled into sleek efficiency. Fire arrangements tested in every compartment in the ship. Damage and breakdown control organised. Meals during action—there's nothing like fighting on a full stomach—collision, towing, rescue. These were some of the main items and, together with lesser details, they left him satisfied.

There were just two more things to be done, and they would be done last of all as they turned towards the coast in the evening twilight. A brief prayer service on the mess decks, and then he'd see to it that every mother's son on board changed into clean clothing.

An old Navy trick that last one; going back perhaps to Nelsonian days. In those days you knew more or less *when* you were going into action. No sudden stream of bullets ripping at you out of the sun. No sudden scream of the dive-bomber, on you in a flash and away again, without a chance to fight back unless you'd kept your eyes constantly searching every inch of sea and sky. In those days you manoeuvred towards your enemy, like a boxer sparring for





an opening, before you fought it out yard-arm to yard-arm, and muzzle to muzzle. Well, he thought, here was one occasion when they knew what to expect. They had time to put on clean underclothes. It made the Doctor's work much easier afterwards.

As the sun sank lower a string of bunting fluttered at the yard-arms of the grey ships, hovered awhile until it was answered, and was then hauled down. Promptly the big ships turned away and made off at full speed for their rendezvous and their "diversion." More bunting fluttered, and the remaining ships re-formed into one long line with the minesweepers and destroyers leading. Then they wheeled to starboard and the whole column followed round, heading for the unseen coast and those colour beaches, just as darkness fell.

THE silhouette of the hilly coast gradually came into view as the long line of troop-carrying ships steamed eastwards with their escorts. It was a beautifully-timed operation and the troops were to be landed an hour before dawn.

Everything had been considered in the operation orders and the time and day chosen gave perfect moon conditions. A three-quarter moon rising about three hours before dawn. Approaching the coast on an easterly course, this meant that the moon would rise behind the land, silhouetting the hills and not the attacking ships as they stealthily crept in. They were lucky with other weather conditions. The sky was clear and plentifully studded with stars. The wind was light and the sea was calm. All these factors would help the escort ships to lead the troop transports safely through the difficult rock-bound narrows. Those channels were unlit, they bristled with small islands, reefs, rocks and shoals. They were also heavily mined.

As he gazed ahead through the large night binoculars, he could see the outline of the black hills quite clearly. That was all. No signs of the entrance to

the bays yet, or of any of the small islands. And not a single light. That, of course, was not surprising, he thought. This coast was barren, scrubby waste. No town or village, only two gun positions overlooking the entrance channels and the beaches.

But he desperately wanted to see a light. He must, at any moment now. His eyes ached as he searched slowly round with the binoculars from port bow to right ahead, to starboard bow and then back again. Slowly, slowly, resting the binoculars on the bridge rail so that he would not miss the merest twinkle of light. Several times his heart leaped, but he was mistaken. Then—by God! It's there! A combination

*BACK and forth
he went, and
still the mines
came up. Then
his ship struck a
submerged mine.*

He thought of the value of that coloured light signal. To turn in to an unlit coast and make a perfect landfall is not easy, in spite of every application of the science of navigation. Everything humanly possible had been done in the Senior Officer's ship to ensure that they arrived at the proper entrance at the proper time. Those coloured lights had confirmed everything, and that boat had been waiting as a mark to fix on. It was all there in the operation orders. The boat would be there at that time and place, and the wonderful thing was that the operation orders must have been written months previously. If the landfall had been wrong it would have taken a considerable time to wheel this convoy to the correct point. Timing was so important in this operation. It was the Navy's job to land the troops on the beaches at one hour before dawn. If they were late they would be seen from the shore, and the surprise lost. But he could not dwell on that aspect any longer as his attention was attracted by other things.

A blue light was winking in the leading minesweeper. The message was repeated twice, but it was not answered. That had been arranged previously: no signalling ahead where it might be seen from the shore. His signalman repeated the message twice to the ship astern, and it was passed down the line of minesweepers without (Continued on page 54)

*Illustrations by
Jack Matthew*

of red, white, and green lights, dead ahead. He glanced at his luminous wrist-watch. Exactly the right time and place. He breathed a blessed sigh of relief as he put the binoculars down on the chart table.

He could see the coloured lights quite clearly now without the glasses. He could also make out the shape of the small boat which was carrying them. A brief order to the helmsman put the ship a few degrees off her course so that she should not run too close to the boat and swamp it with her wake. As they passed it he wanted to hail those who were in it and give them a rousing cheer through the megaphone for their magnificent work. But it seemed sacrilege to shout across when his men at their guns and minesweeping stations were speaking in whispers.



a garden seat at the conclusion of the five-year civil war which saw the Whites destroyed and the foreign interventionists discomfited.

None questions the Red Tsar's right to do some stepping now. The Soviet Union which has foiled the Hitler plan to expand to the Urals and the Caspian, and from this Germanic imperial base proceed to world conquest, is essentially his creation. He built and commands the Red Army which held the huge armoured and winged swastika war engine before Moscow, at Stalingrad, and on the Caucasian foothills, and then drove this supposedly invincible invading horde back 800 miles, to the two historic corridors, north and south of the Pripet Marshes, through which it had so confidently rushed in the reverse direction in June, 1941.

Marshal Josef Stalin wearing his uniform of Marshal of the Red Army. A portrait taken on the porch of the Soviet Legation during the historic conference with President Roosevelt and Mr. Winston Churchill at Teheran

Nor is stepping out any new thing for Stalin. It's quite a way from leadership of a bolshevik "cell" in a Caucasian theological seminary, to rulership of two hundred million people inhabiting the world's largest country. Especially when you've taken in your stride two revolutions, a savage Spanish-type civil war, and three national wars, not to

mention sojourns in political jails, a couple of Siberian exiles, and sundry organized attempts to rub you out.

But Comrade Stalin has reached a stage now where his steps cause world tremors. Each adds a new question to a world guessing game which is already taking much of that surplus mental energy normally expended on crossword puzzles, brains trust quizzes, and "whodunit" riddles.

What does he want? Whither is he bound? Where are the limits of his aspirations?

If the Anglo-Americans don't get there first, will he liberate Norway from the east? If he breaks the Nazi lines in the east while the Anglo-Americans are held in the west, will he enter

Marshal Stalin Steps Out

What Does He Want? Whither Is He Bound? Where Are The Limits Of His Aspirations?

By C. Patrick Thompson



DISCARDING civilian tunic and baggy trousers stuffed into long boots, for his new marshal's outfit, complete with gilt-banded cap and creased trousers with red stripes, Josef Stalin—Uncle Joe to foreign correspondents and younger diplomats—is stepping out.

His new clothes look a little too big for him. But that's because work and the years have shrunk him somewhat. He is leaner, slighter, greyer than the man I saw on May 1, 1937, perched on the saluting dais atop Lenin's tomb in Red Square—Russia personified by eleven civilians and five generals lined up against the Moscow skyline. He smiles with more effort than did the exuberant-moustached Army Political Commissar Number One, who sat beaming alongside a relaxed Lenin on



A picture taken on the steps of the Soviet Legation at Teheran: Marshal Stalin, President Roosevelt and Mr. Winston Churchill. Behind are Field Marshal Sir John Dill, General Marshall (U.S.), Marshal Voroshilov, General Sir Alan Brooke and Admiral Leahy (U.S.)

Marshal Stalin toasts the Allied Nations at the Teheran Conference

Berlin [trailing his own alternative German Government, in the shape of the German National Committee with the Anti-Nazi Generals von Seidlitz and von Daniels, heading the Union of German Officers in Soviet prison camps, in charge?

Having proclaimed, in January, 1944, the independence of the sixteen Soviet Republics (Continued on page 62)

The Home of Christendom

At Eastertide

Strange Ceremonies at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem

By Harold J. Shepstone

FOR the first time a series of most interesting photographs have been secured depicting the extraordinary ceremonies which may be witnessed every Easter in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. The Easter ceremonies of Rome and Seville have earned fame for their novelty and splendour, but in pomp and pageantry they cannot compare with those that centre round the tomb of Christ in the Holy City.

It was the abnormal conditions prevailing in Jerusalem as the result of the present upheaval which enabled the pictures to be taken. In normal times the church is crowded at Easter to suffocation with excited crowds of pilgrims not only from adjoining countries but from all over South-Eastern Europe. Travelling being very much restricted throughout the Middle East, Jerusalem is receiving few visitors. Even so, securing the accompanying photographs did not prove an easy task. Thanks are due first to Mr. Edward Keith-Roach, the District Commissioner of Jerusalem, who secured the co-operation of the Patriarchs of the various sects who worship in the church.



Easter Sunday in Jerusalem: The solemn procession round the rotunda of the Holy Sepulchre. The Polish Archbishop is seen in the foreground followed by the Latin Patriarch

His mother, Queen Helena, was a British princess. So this country may be said to have played a part in the inception of this great Christian shrine in the Holy City.

All through Holy Week the church is the centre of attraction. Ceremony follows ceremony like the many acts of a long play. They begin early on Palm Sunday with the distribution of palms to the clergy before the Sepulchre by the various Patriarchs. There is the festival of Spy Wednesday, the name given to the Wednesday immediately preceding Easter in allusion to the betrayal of Our Lord by Judas Iscariot. There are



Palm Sunday in Jerusalem: The Latin procession carrying palms parade round the rotunda of the Holy Sepulchre

Six different sects worship in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—Greeks, Latins, Armenians, Copts, Syrians and Abyssinians.

It is a great rambling building, several churches in fact under one roof. There are over twenty chapels and twenty-seven so-called holy places. It was Queen Helena and Constantine with the aid of Macarius, the then Bishop of Jerusalem, who located the place of Crucifixion and burial in the year 326. Constantine was the first Christian Emperor and was proclaimed Emperor by his father in the City of York.

Saturday of Holy Week in Jerusalem: The Latin Patriarch reading the prophecies concerning Jerusalem and the Crucifixion before the Holy Sepulchre





Thursday of Easter week in Jerusalem: The ceremony of washing the Disciples' Feet as performed by the Orthodox Greek Church, on a raised dais in the courtyard of the church before an excited audience

the Tenebrae services which commence on Wednesday and continue on Thursday and Friday, a feature of which are a number of lighted candles which are gradually extinguished until one only is left, representing the growing darkness of the world at the time of the Crucifixion.

Thursday witnesses the picturesque ceremony of the Washing of the Feet when the Patriarchs bathe the right foot of twelve of their priests. The Orthodox or Greek Church's celebration is held on a raised dais in the courtyard



The strangest of all Easter ceremonies in Jerusalem: The Abyssinian Patriarch, under a ceremonial umbrella, wearing a crown and dressed in robes of barbaric splendour, makes a circuit round their own little chapel of St. Helena, searching for the Body of Christ



The Ceremony of the "Holy Fire": The Greek Patriarch is seen emerging from the Holy Sepulchre with the "Holy Fire." Every one present is keen on lighting a candle from the supposed Pentecostal flame

of the church before an excited audience. After reading portions of the Scriptures which explain the meaning of the service from an immense copy of the New Testament bound in gold, the Patriarch lays aside his glittering mitre and purple robes stiff with raised gold embroideries, girds himself with ample towel and goes the round of the twelve, washing their bare right foot in a silver dish. When St. Peter's turn comes he objects, but after a short (Continued on page 61)



Sealing the door of the Sepulchre: Mr. E. Keith-Roach, the District Commissioner of Jerusalem, is seen holding a cake of sealing wax in his hand. Greek and Armenian priests take part in this ceremony and can be seen standing before the door of Christ's tomb

Middle Age Can Do....

Refuting the easy assumption that the
Future, the Post-war era, belongs to the
Younger Age-groups

By Ferdinand Tuohy

BECAUSE no one under thirty has ever voted in a general election under our democracy, and because such-like, of both sexes, have had an awful lot of time on their hands, cooped up in Britain by the million, in uniform or war work, and have held off boredom by quizzes and brains trusts and group discussions and more reading and listening-in than are customary, thereby picking up much potted and scattered information; because of these phenomena, and of the presence at Westminster, due to a farcical system, of a caucus or a cactus of rubber-stamp elderlies, we are blandly told that *Youth must govern in the post-war Britain.*

As I take it, the world of yesterday was all wrong; youth had nothing to do with what it led to; so youth must be given its head in rebuilding the world it is going to live in. No longer "*Si jeunesse savait.*" Youth apparently does know this time.

Of course there is nothing new in all this, and it goes on with the stock citing of Alexander and Pitt, Napoleon and the rest of the string of prodigies; which never leads anywhere, since one has only to counter with Cæsar and Lloyd George, Voltaire and Lenin, and wads of others who did their stuff in middle age or later.

However, there are signs on this occasion that the puffing of Youth is going to be pushed much farther than ever before, partly by influence at which Youth might well glance with misgiving, so phoney does one or two appear.

But the first thing to establish is—where does Youth begin and end for purposes of government, administration and public life generally?

Will Youth, as the term is bandied, be satisfied if I say it extends from eighteen to thirty-five? It's a generous allocation, since thirty-five is supposed to be half-way through life, whereas I shall take it only as the beginning of middle age. The next thing I wish to know is—on what recent grounds is it advanced that young men and women between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five have shown themselves better equipped to run things than their seniors?

AT the "For To-morrow's Citizens" Conference in London, 2,000 young people drafted this message for the youth of Germany: "You, as German people, and your fathers even more so, were partly responsible for the coming to power of the Nazi regime, and, therefore, for the war that followed, inasmuch as your opposition was not co-ordinated but divided or apathetic."

A gem of understatement in view of the historic fact that Hitler depended on the under-thirties, aye, and on the under-twenties for the entire rank and file support of his movement! Why drag in the "your fathers even more so"? Both Nazism and Fascism depended overwhelmingly on youth which supplied the requisite greenness, intolerance, cruelty, and readiness to

follow-my-leader and believe anything drummed into it.

"Ah," I will be told, "but you forget that we in Britain were not Nazis or Fascists!"

Perhaps not, not the majority of the under-thirty-fives here. Yet it is well known that Fascism had a certain appeal for our younger folk in the immediate pre-war years—

witness the Olympiad in Berlin and its effects—witness the youth movements of authoritarian bent—witness the recruiting for Mosley's toughs. But I have another line of approach. What did our Youth do to offset Fascism or to fend off the war?

It spent most of its spare time crooning and careering about with aimless speed, or watching dogs and football. On the rare occasion when it condescended to make itself heard on the vital issues of the time, it put its foot in it. Here I can quote young Quintin Hogg, M.P. The Oxford resolution not to fight for king and country, he reminds us, had a big effect on the Axis leaders. Mussolini had said so himself. The picture of us as decadent helped to create another war. Of course, Oxford is not Britain. But just what did the Youth of Britain do to correct the view that it might be?

I USED to come back to England in those days and I formed the impression that my young friends were saying among themselves: "Let the old fogies have their show now. After the war it will be ours."

Maybe those between eighteen and thirty-five have learnt a terrific amount since then. Maybe they feel able to stand up to Cicero's "Intelligence and reflection and judgement reside in old men, and, if there (Continued on page 56)

When does "Youth" begin and end for purposes of government, administration and public life generally?



Hitler depended on the under-thirties, aye, and on the under-twenties for the entire rank and file support of his movement

Sketches by
Edgar Spenceley



Why tolerate any longer this puritanical buncombe?

Calling Rainbow Leader

*Janet didn't Believe
in Wearing Her Heart
on her Sleeve —
but she was in
Love all the Same*

By
Ronald Cocking

*"NOW I know just
why I dislike you
so much," Pam said.
"Two men miss death
by inches and all it did
to you was to stop
you being bored. You
don't 'feel anything"*



I WONDER just why I dislike that woman so much," Section Officer Pamela Lee asked herself as Flight Officer Janet Blair came into the operations room.

She's been here barely a week and I've done everything but scratch her—and she will be so disgustingly nice about it.

Pam watched her mannequin-smooth walk as she moved around the raised platform that overlooked the huge table-map, saying: "Hullo" to the rest of "X" watch as they came on duty. She already had the whole crowd of them eating out of her hand, from the grey-haired

chief controller, Squadron Leader Williams, right down to the girl who brought the tea round when things were too busy for a visit to the canteen.

"Hullo, Pamela!" she said as she came and sat down at her desk next to Pam's. Janet made it sound as if Pam were just the person she had been wanting to see. She does that to everybody, Pam thought, and was furious with herself for resenting it.

"Morning," she replied shortly, and then, because she was young and not very good at hating people, she went on: "Just why is it I dislike you so much?"

Janet looked over at her, smiling her slow, lazy smile. She took a cigarette from her black lacquered case and lit it before replying.

"I really don't know, darling. Perhaps it's because I'm a bit older than you, and you envy my experience, or something. It certainly couldn't be because of my fatal beauty, because you've got far more good looks of your own than it's safe for a young girl to have. No, I don't know what it is, but you have certainly got a hate on, haven't you? Yes, Flight Officer Blair speaking. . . ."

She then turned away to answer the

telephone. Maybe that's what it is, Pam thought, her poise. You certainly can't shake her.

Pam glanced across at the weather board. Cloudy, base one thousand feet or below in showers . . . wind, north, forty miles per hour, visibility three miles. A girl was just altering some figures on the squadrons board, which showed the availability of fighter aircraft. Blackbird Squadron released . . . Fanfare, Tiger . . . Rainbow Squadron—sixty minutes' notice.

Pam ran her fingers into her soft, brown hair and dreamed for a moment. Johnnie was a flight commander of Rainbow Squadron. She could just imagine him in the little wooden dispersal hut on the windy aerodrome by the sea, sitting playing cards with the other boys, wearing his Mae West with the ridiculous surrealist horse painted on it.

"Take over from Janet, will you, Pam?" It was "Uncle Bill" Williams, with his last-war R.F.C. wings and two long rows of medals. He looked tired, Pam noticed.

Pam moved along to Janet's battery of telephones. Janet was already installed in the controller's chair, looking very much at home, to Pam's annoyance. Not that there was much likelihood of there being any customers, as Ops. call them, in the area, with half a gale blowing and low rain-cloud covering the whole of the Channel. It looked like being a very dull watch, but there was always dinner to-night with Johnnie to look forward to.

Then almost immediately there was a flurry of movement on the floor below. Pam leaned over and looked down at the map. A little coloured disc with a number "three" attached to it had been placed on the map near the French coast. A small arrow showed its direction. Three hostile aircraft moving north-west. Probably a sneak raid taking advantage of the cloud cover, Pam decided.

But then another disc appeared just behind the first one, then two more. Within a couple of minutes discs representing more than thirty aircraft were on the map, all arrows attached to them pointing ominously in one direction—London.

Janet called an orderly. She said in her low, clear voice: "Tell Squadron Leader Williams that there is a raid of thirty-plus coming in, and ask him if he wishes to take over himself."

The orderly reappeared quickly. "Squadron Leader Williams says you are to carry on, but he will come at once if you need any help. I don't think he feels too good, ma'am," the girl finished.

Janet nodded casually. Pam watched her out of the corner of her eye; it was going to be interesting to see whether Janet's poise could cope with this. The leading raiders were in mid-Channel now, and she would have to start doing something about it soon.

Then she called to Pamela: "Bring all squadrons to immediate readiness, and tell Rainbow and Dragon squadrons to stand by."

Pam nodded and her hand moved quickly along the row of telephones. It was only necessary to speak a few words into each. Within a minute she said: "All squadrons at readiness. Rainbow and Dragon squadrons standing by." She could imagine Johnnie sitting in his Spitfire's cockpit, engine ticking over, his helmet jammed over his straw-coloured hair. . . .



PAM knew all the boys of the squadron, had laughed, had drinks and danced with them

The leading raiders were just crossing the English coast.

Janet said: "Scramble, Rainbow and Dragon squadrons." She might have been making an appointment with the hairdresser, Pam thought viciously as she snatched up the telephone and spoke into it.

"Scramble, Rainbow!" Now a single red flare would flash up into the sky, and Johnnie and the rest of the boys would slam their throttles wide open and go bucketing down the runway.

Now I've lost him, Pam thought with a sudden sharp dismay. Only for a little while—but he was gone and his thoughts would be a million miles from hers. In the air he was a stranger; even when she answered him on the radio in a moment there would be no contact.

The big loudspeaker on the wall crackled into life. "Hullo, Maxwell, Tiger leader calling. Request instructions. Over!"

Pam looked at Janet inquiringly. "What shall I tell them?"

"Tell both squadrons to circle base at four thousand," Janet replied crisply. She was drawing lines on a small map in front of her, still looking very calm and very efficient.

Pam passed the message to Tiger, then waited for the leader of Rainbow squadron to call. To her surprise Johnnie's voice came in, his young, clear voice sounding harsh through the atmospherics. So he was leading the squadron to-day.

"Hullo, Maxwell, Rainbow leader calling. What have you for me? Over!"

Pam swallowed, then switched on her



transmitter. "Hullo, Rainbow leader. Circle base at four thousand. Over!" She felt very much like consigning all the rules and regulations to perdition and saying: "Good luck, darling, good luck."

She looked down at the board again. The enemy aircraft were in a tight bunch now, huddling in formation against the inevitable attack. Over Johnnie's aerodrome another marker had been put down. Pam knew all the boys of the squadron, had laughed and drunk and danced with them. She reflected how fantastic it was that all those boys, gathered from the corners of the earth, all with their own personalities, hopes and fears, were reduced to the value of a counter pushed around the map table by a girl with a croupier's rake.

Janet was sipping tea and smoking, watching the positions of the hostile aircraft closely. The arrows still pointed at London. Perhaps she'll send for the controller now, Pam thought.

Instead she called over: "All right, Pamela, I'll take over the radio now."

Janet switched on her own microphone. Just the right distance from the microphone, her voice pitched exactly right for the pilots to hear above the thunderous roar of their motors. She's too perfect to be true, Pam thought bitterly.

"Hullo, Tiger leader. Steer one three zero. Over!"

"Hullo, Rainbow leader. Steer zero eight zero. Over!"

Johnnie left his mike switched on after acknowledging his orders, and Pam heard him giving orders to the rest of the formation. "Come in closer, number three!"

That would be Bud, the Canadian, and Johnnie's best friend. But up there he was just number three of a formation of Spitfires setting course to intercept a bombing raid.

For the next few minutes Pam watched with a fascination that had never waned as the discs representing friend and foe crept towards one another. Then phone calls started to come in one after the other as the whole of Fighter Command swung into action to deal with the threat to the

capital. When next she was able to glance at the map the two forces were within a few miles of each other. Pam was forced to admit to herself that it was a really expert interception.

There was a sudden electric silence in the room; even the phone bells seemed to have stopped shrilling. Janet

switched on her mike with a click that seemed to be as loud as a rifle shot.

"Hullo, Tiger and Rainbow leaders. You should see them any time now."

Almost at once there was an excited jumble of conversation over the radio, then: "Tally-ho!"

Then Johnnie's voice, strained, urgent. "All right, chaps . . . line astern. Pick one each and follow me down. NOW!"

A faint rattle was all that the loud-speaker recorded of the multiple machine guns as they blazed into action.

More phone calls. Impatiently Pam tried to deal with them quickly, but five precious minutes had ticked by before she could replace the last receiver.

"What's happened?" she called to Janet breathlessly. The other girl was watching the (Continued on page 52)

Multi-flash shot of a badminton stroke. Hundred flashes a second

Photo: Courtesy of G. Spalding & Bros.

A SECOND is a long time. This fact is brought out clearly when high-speed action is considered. In such studies units of time as small as a hundred-thousandth and even a millionth of a second are frequently used.

In photographing bullets in flight, for example, the exposure time is frequently as short as one-millionth of a second. A very fast bullet may leave the muzzle of the rifle at 4,000 feet per second. That means that in one-hundred-thousandth of a second the bullet will travel nearly half an inch and this may cause the photograph to be blurred. Hence the exposure time must be stepped up to a millionth of a second and in that time even a bullet travelling at nearly 3,000 miles an hour is almost standing still.

Adventures— With a Stop Watch

By Frank W. Lane

That it is possible to take photographs in such infinitely small fractions of a second is due to the technique known as flash photography. No mechanical shutter, such as is used on ordinary cameras, can work fast enough for the speeds required.

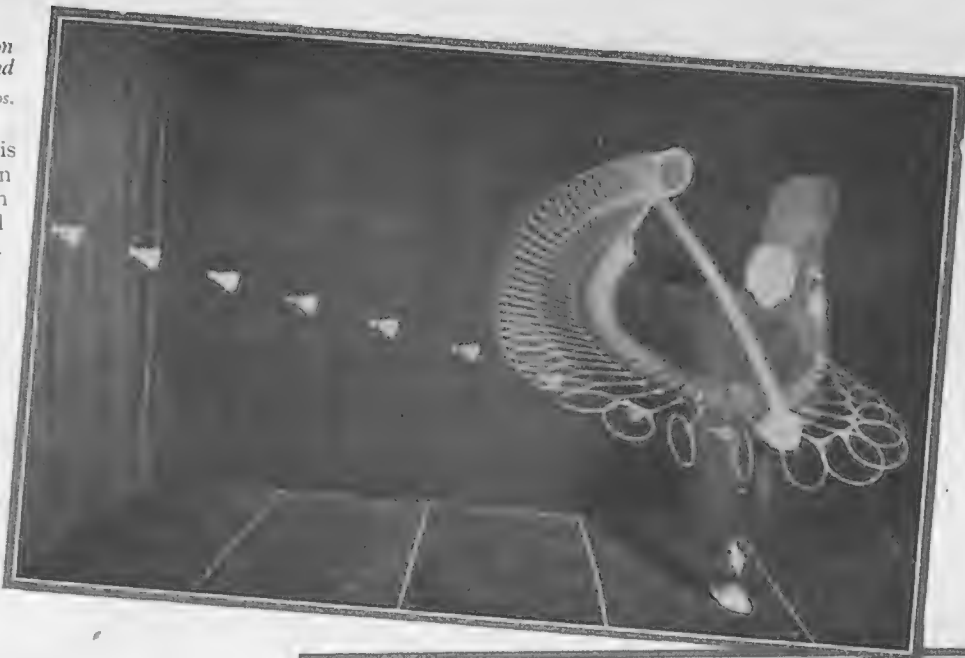
Several methods of flash photography are used, but the basis of them all is an intense flash of light, like a bolt of lightning, which is caused by a flow of electric current. Although the light is so brilliant, due to the speed of electricity, it lasts only a tiny fraction of a second. This light causes the image of the object being photographed to be recorded on the photographic plate or film held in the camera which is already trained and focused.

When this method of photography is combined with a special cinematograph camera it is possible to take films at such speeds that when they are projected on the screen the effect is ultra-slow motion. In some of these special movie cameras the film moves past the lens at 100 miles an hour and as many as 1,000 pictures have been obtained in one-tenth of a second.

Such films, when projected, show bullets travelling as slowly as cricket balls, flies beating their wings like birds, steel balls dropping as gently as snowflakes and the blades of an electric fan revolving as slowly as the arms of a windmill.

Yet even the high-speed movie camera is sometimes hard put to it to arrest some movements in nature. Some officials in a zoo once wanted to take moving pictures of a toad swallowing a worm. They installed a high-speed cinematograph camera adjusted to take 500 pictures a second. When all was set and the camera whirring a worm was placed in front of the toad. The next thing the watchers knew was that the worm had vanished.

When the films were developed, it was



A Westinghouse X-ray high-speed photo of a player kicking a Rugby football. Exposure time: one-millionth of a second

discovered that the camera had completely missed the vital act. Not until the camera was speeded up to three times its original speed, 1,500 pictures per second, could it record how the toad's tongue whisked the worm into its mouth. The whole action—the tongue flying out, gathering the worm and returning to the mouth—was said to take place in less than a sixtieth of a second. Incidentally, it takes longer than that to wink—about one-fortieth of a second!

It is the application of high-speed still- and cinema-photography which has enabled man to see the hitherto unseen and to solve many a problem which our ancestors were helpless to unravel. About eighty years ago there was considerable controversy in America and elsewhere on the question of whether a trotting horse had, at any one time, all its legs off the ground at once. It was the pioneer photographer of high-speed work, Muybridge, who eventually solved this question by

showing photographs of a trotting horse with all its four feet clear of the ground.

Another perennial question to which the high-speed cinematograph camera has recently turned its all-seeing lens is "How does a fly land on the ceiling?" Flies were imprisoned in a glass box and honey was smeared on the (Continued on page 66)



The high-speed camera has here caught the compression of the tennis ball when hit by the racket

(Left)
The split-second when club meets ball. Note distortion of the ball
Photo: Courtesy of Ethyl Gasoline Corp.



Old Tales Re-told

EVERYONE knew and loved Jack Rann, the young pedlar who led his donkey along the roads on the outskirts of Bath. Though only twelve years old, he looked at least fifteen, for he was tall, strong and well built.

A slight attack of smallpox had not marred his handsome face; but his main attraction was his sociability and happy disposition. These qualities made him the darling of his customers. Even the donkey, his inseparable companion, seemed to understand and respond to his friendly chirrup when he set out each morning laden with a heavy load of assorted merchandise. All day they trudged along together, until by the evening the load would get diminished, and the empty sacks were piled into a makeshift saddle on which young

AMONGST Jack's customers was a certain lady who, in spite of having several servants, preferred to do her own bargaining with the boy at the service door of her mansion, in order to enjoy his precociously witty conversation.

It occurred to her one day that he was cut out for better things, and might go a long way if he were given the opportunity of employment with cultured and influential people. So she offered him the post of page-boy in her own house. He accepted the position with delight, and was soon installed in surroundings which glittered with shining

a postilion in the service of a noble lord in London. Later still, his eagerness for adventure made him take a position as servant to an Army officer. But he found that the Army did not offer him the enjoyment he had expected, so he returned to domestic service again.

The Story of Jack Rann Pedlar, Playboy and Highwayman

Written and Illustrated By

F. Matania, R.I.



Jack would mount for his ride back to the stable.

There was only one thing that had the power to make the boy sad and pensive, and that was the sight of people richer and luckier than himself. When he met some imposing equipage on the road, preceded by a smart outrider and drawn by a superb team of horses jingling with bells and buckles, he would gaze upon the vision with envious eyes.

He was often to be seen at the door of some inn, outside of which waited a rich carriage, trying to get a glimpse of the travellers themselves in their embroidered coats, silken wigs and immaculate ruffles of Mechlin lace.

Afterwards he would go about in a sort of trance. Then at last the visions would fade, and he would wake to the realities of his own life—the donkey, the daily round of his trade, the cotton coat and breeches which he was already fast outgrowing.

Never was the difference between rich and poor so outwardly marked as in the eighteenth century. The luxury and ostentation of the wealthier classes was in itself a mark of their standing. Most of the poor were apathetic; but it was inevitable that some of them should be fascinated and envious.

All day long Jack and his donkey trudged together along the roads on the outskirts of Bath until the evening, when the load would get diminished. Then the empty sacks were piled into a makeshift saddle, on which young Jack would mount for his ride back to the stable

silver and cut-glass candelabra in which burned dozens of candles at a time. The most thrilling moment was when he donned for the first time a velvet coat with gold braid and buttons, breeches to match and shoes with sparkling buckles.

Now, instead of being a tousled mop, his hair was combed, oiled and tied at the back with a black silk bow, exactly like the gentlemen visitors themselves.

A few years elapsed, and then we find Jack a step higher up the ladder he had set himself to climb. He became

All his employers found him extremely capable and were perfectly satisfied with him. But he himself was impatient with his slow progress and felt restless for a change.

He tried many things, but at last found himself more or less permanently established in the service of the Earl of Sandwich.

IT was the year 1770, and Jack was approaching his twenty-first birthday. His salary was spent almost entirely upon a wardrobe already enriched by the generosity of his various masters.



The evening after his acquittal at the Old Bailey was an occasion for much celebration. Escorted by a party of friends, Jack and Nellie went to Vauxhall Gardens, which was the most popular resort of the time. Jack, with the beautiful, overdressed Nellie clinging to his arm, strolled about as if he owned the place

Often he was penniless, but whenever he appeared in public at balls and receptions to discharge his duties, his handsome figure and the exaggerated smartness of his attire never failed to attract attention even from the guests, who were sometimes quite outshone.

As for the women, it was a progress of devastation wherever he went—not only among the servant-girl class, either.

He had already established his personality by a certain eccentricity of dress, for he wore at the knees of his breeches a bunch of parti-coloured ribbons which earned for him the nickname of "Sixteen-string Jack." The same gay guerdon in miniature could

be seen pinned on the bosoms of girls who had taken his fancy. And they were many—for he could not resist the allure of a pretty smile or a sparkling eye.

He made a truly handsome escort, and it was with the *savoir-faire* of a *grand seigneur* that he took the lady of his choice to fashionable pleasure resorts, where his purse was always too limited to suit his extravagant taste.

The craving for money began to poison his mind, and on certain occasions he took advantage of the trust placed in him by his employers. He was soon hopelessly in debt. He felt that he was born to be a millionaire, and the fact

that millions were not within his grasp seemed to him an injustice of fate which had to be corrected by any means in his power. He refused to endure the humiliation of having to limit his pleasures or deny expensive gifts to his lady friends. He was fond of dancing, and in the places of entertainment which he frequented he often met men who seemed lavishly equipped with money, yet could not give any clear account of their professions. How did they do it? He decided to gain their confidence—and in so doing he doomed himself to fall into that abyss of shady activity from which it is so difficult to emerge. He soon made friends among his own



A little later, however, he discovered the fickleness of Dame Fortune. Through ill advice from his new cronies, he lost his position, and the Earl, whose patience had been sorely tried, refused to give him a character. So Jack Rann joined his disreputable friends Jones, Clayton and Colledge, who were no better than common thieves, rats of the underworld, who were in league with receivers of stolen goods, robbers and highwaymen.

Just about this time something a little deeper than the usual superficial adventure began to stir the heart of "Sixteen-string Jack." Love had touched him at last. It might even have saved him if the woman who inspired it had not belonged to the category of weaklings who cannot recover from the shock of their first disillusionment, and who soon drift into the shady world where the only important asset is an ability to evade the law.

Her name was Ellen Roche, and she was a milliner's apprentice, young and attractive.

While still full of romantic hopes, she fell in love with an officer of the guard in whom she trusted implicitly, only to find that what she had thought was a lifelong tie was for him only a passing episode. In her distress, she was helped by the people in whose hands she fell as a result of her association with the officer, and learned from them all the

tricks of disposing of stolen property. She became what is professionally known as a "fence."

When she met Jack, she fell in love with him at first sight, and he with her. She remained scrupulously faithful to her new hero. The same cannot be said for Jack—but all the same, his Nellie always took first place in his affections.

His nocturnal absences from their love-nest were not always due to amorous adventures.

In April 1774 three men were arrested for highway robbery. One of these was Jack Rann.

At the Old Bailey, nowever, the process of identification was incomplete, and the three men were discharged. The magistrate, Sir John Fielding, took a good look at Jack when he made his dignified exit from the court.

IN less than a month, the young dandy appeared again before Sir John, and this time his pretty Nellie was with him. A certain Mr. John Devall was the accuser, and he described how at the ninth milestone on the Hounslow Road he had been stopped and robbed of his watch and his money. The watch had been traced through a suspicious pawnbroker, who had warned the police.

The servant-girl who, at Nellie's order, pawned the watch, confessed everything and Nellie lost her nerve. But Jack indignantly denied all knowledge of the affair. He was almost insolent when he concluded his



kind, and learned from them the addresses of gambling dens and the names of their most conspicuous *habitues*. He had only to risk the little he had in his pockets, and the chances of gain were illimitable. What prospect could be more attractive?

He tried his luck at cards. He played well, and was lucky enough to win a considerable sum fairly quickly. A beautiful blonde woman had flattered him by attaching herself to him throughout the game, with a watchful eye on the pile of gold coins rapidly growing on the table before him.

He seized the bridle of Dr. Bell's horse and demanded that he should turn over the contents of his pockets if he did not wish to have his brains blown out

defence by saying: "I know no more of the matter than you do. Not half so much, neither." The prosecutor so tangled himself up in technicalities that in the end both of the accused were acquitted. The irons were taken from Jack's ruffled wrists and silken-hosed ankles, and the pair walked out of the court through a dense crowd of applauding admirers.

The evening was an occasion for much celebration. Coaches were ordered, and, escorted by a party of friends, Jack and Nellie went to Vauxhall, which was the most popular pleasure-resort of the time. It had been opened after the old Spring Gardens were closed. In the extensive gardens were pavilions, band-stands, restaurants and places for all kinds of entertainment. The entrance was guarded by a hundred soldiers, whose task was to keep in order the vast mixed crowd which flocked there from every quarter of London.

Titled people from Mayfair mingled with artistic groups from Chelsea. Hogarth himself had embellished some

of the pavilions. The masked balls which were held there gave such ample opportunity for romance and intrigue that one was reminded of a Venetian carnival. Garrick and other stars of the theatrical firmament often occupied tables at the Ridotto al Fresco and other restaurants with Italian names.

Dr. Johnson wrote of it: "That excellent place of entertainment which is peculiarly adapted to the taste of the English nation, there being a mixture of curious show, gay exhibition, music, vocal and instrumental, not too refined for the general ear, for which only a shilling is paid; and last but not least, good eating and drinking for those who choose to purchase that regale."

The principal buildings, alleyways and arbours were brilliantly illuminated, but there were enough shadowy corners to enable the light-fingered gentry to make Vauxhall Gardens a profitable field for their activities.

Jack Rann, with the beautiful, overdressed Nellie clinging to his arm, strolled about as if he owned the place.

They had a wonderful evening, and when they returned home he proudly deposited on her dressing-table two watches and three purses—remarkable proof of his attachment to his profession, when one remembers that only a few hours before he had narrowly escaped the usual heavy sentence meted out to thieves.

ONE night a mysterious little affair brought him again into the dock to face Sir John Fielding. A watchman on duty in a certain street had surprised a man furtively climbing into the ground-floor window of a large house, and had dragged the would-be intruder off to prison. The man was Jack Rann, and the house which he had been trying to break into belonged to a young woman called Doll Frampton, who had been in bed at the time. When she was called as a witness, she said that she had had an appointment with Jack for supper, but as he had not arrived at the appointed time she had gone to bed. His unconventional (Continued on p. 52)



During the weeks that elapsed before his execution Jack organised many parties in prison. Under the circumstances, he was allowed a good deal of licence, and on one Sunday he had seven girls in to dine with him, and it is said that he was the liveliest of hosts

It could happen here

CHILD:
*"Father, what is it that the sky is beckoning
 to me with long fingers?
 And what does it say all the while?"*

FATHER:
*"Nothing, my babe, you see in the sky,
 And nothing at all it says to you—but look
 you, my babe,
 Look at all those dazzling things in the
 houses, and see you the money-shops
 opening,
 And see you the vehicles preparing to crawl
 along the streets with goods.
 These, ah, these, how valued and toil'd for
 these!"*

How envied by all the earth!"
 (Walt Whitman)

YOU had it when you were young, and you lost it when you "grew up." People told you you were childish, when you talked of such things. "You know life's not like that; 'Life is cruel!'" We have all passed through this, of being tamped down in our youth. And although many of us were forced to shut up, we never, never could believe that life was meant to be like that. That is implicit in Walt Whitman's lines quoted above (the old struggler!) part of his life-long and epic poem to democracy, the universal brotherhood of man. And when his friends tried to console him for the deluge of hate and vilification which that poem brought down on his grey head—instead of world fame—he replied that, yes, he was still the poet of democracy, but democracy had not yet arrived in the United States. When it did, it would come forth to meet him.

Of Shelley, in England, also a poet of democracy, it was said that if his ideas were put into prose (so that the English people could understand him), and if they were propagated by the universities and reviews, the Government would order the troops out as promptly as it did when workmen went on strike for the right to live. Most thinking Americans believe that democracy is still a long way from the United States, which is really a capitalistic oligarchy. But they say that the democracy that Whitman preached must be regarded as a fact. One of the inevitabilities (if we ever get there). And that to say that democracy did not accept Whitman was like saying that the inhabitants of the infernal areas do not sit about reading Dante. Whitman was a

new force let loose on the old earth. People had to get acquainted with it. They had to do it in the usual way — by trying to kill

it. By trying to kill it they got used to it. By getting used to it they learned to tolerate it. Toleration became respect. Respect became love.

As a newspaper correspondent, it has always amused me to watch statesmen trying to close the circle—to bring what father said, in Walt Whitman's words above, back to the vision which the child saw. It was amusing to watch and write about the way they tried to do this with Soviet Russia. Communist Russia was a new force let loose upon the old earth. The western statesmen tried to kill it. By trying to kill it they got used to it. By getting used to it they learned to tolerate it. They. . . . I think I saw the first

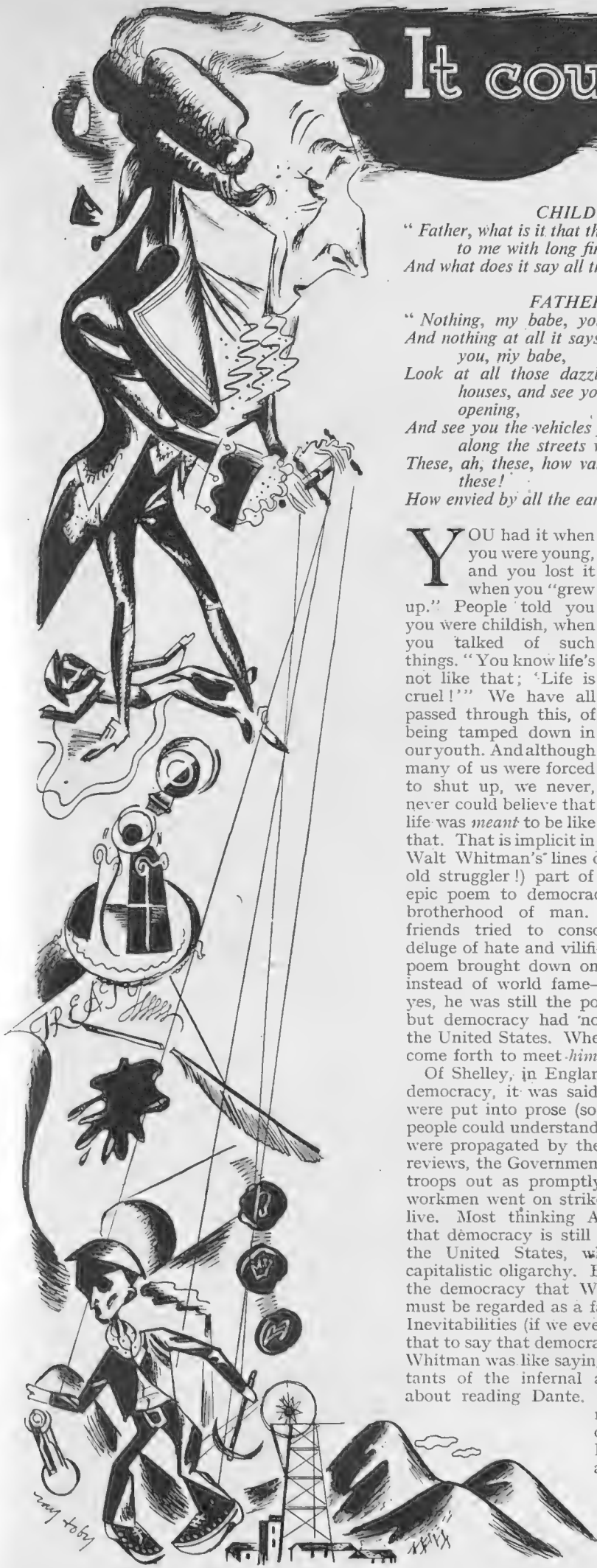
man killed in the Russian Revolution; the mad motorman, who lost his head and tried to drive his electric tramcar through the crowd which had massed at the junction of the Nevsky and the Letieny Prospect. I saw the soldiers and the workers and the red banners of the revolution filling the Nevsky. Flowing down it like blood. I saw them shoot. And I saw people killed. People who thought they had

nothing to do, as they tried to cross the street, with revolution. I saw them lying there, their blood slowly darkening the snow.

Blood. Staring at it, I knew that it accompanied the birth of a nation. I read now of the Red Army's advance from Leningrad. I link up those years. I hear 30,000 workers and soldiers shouting again: "Welcome Liberty! Land and Liberty! Land and Liberty! Land and Liberty!" Tramp, tramp, tramp . . . the Red banners are carried past. Thousands and thousands of workers' faces bob past. Their faces are upturned to the sky.

IT is New York, 1919. Some of my friends who stayed at home have made more money than they know how to spend. "So, you're going to try and make me believe there is something good to be said about the Bolsheviks, are you?" says one, paying a luncheon check that would have kept a large American working-class family in necessary food for a week. "If you keep on like that, they'll put you on the 'Soviet Ark.' Deport you. Who? Why—er—that committee, up at Albany—the one that's investigating anti-American activities."

"What is 'being' an American?" I ask him. He can't tell me. "Then what." I persist, "makes a man anti-American? Is it because he says that a steel worker should not have to work 12 hours a day—with a 'stretch-out' of 24 hours' continuous labour every two weeks?" (Which the American steel workers had to do at that time—it (Continued on page 64)



SERGEANT PAUL ERICH WERNER of the Pioneer Corps wiped the grease off his hands with a piece of waste.

"You have done well, men," he said in his guttural voice. He looked round with pride at the Army lorries all shiny with restored camouflage and with new tyres fitted. But what was even more satisfactory was the condition of the engines. The R.A.S.C. captain who had tuned them gave an appreciative nod as each one hummed sweetly to the touch of the self-starter.

"Good enough job even for the Sappers," he had remarked. The Pioneers, men from Poland, Germany, Austria, and quite a few Englishmen, felt their chests expanding with pride at the compliment.

"Dismiss!" shouted the sergeant. He went over to the mess and washed his hands thoroughly. The worst of this job was the muck that got on your hands, he thought sadly. He took out a nail file and tried to ease some of the oily dirt from under his fingernails. It seemed a hundred years since he had strolled into the Adlon saloon and waved a lordly hand at the bowing assistant.

"The usual, Gustav . . ."

"Of course, Herr Werner . . ."

Vibro massage, soft creams that stroked the lines out of one's face, a little of that new French pomade reserved only for such special clients as the rich banker's son. . . . And the charming little *fräulein* who caressed his hand slyly while she manicured it. Ach, what would one give for a manicure now!

There was no talk about non-Aryans then. They had been grateful enough for a fat tip, and the barber had practically dropped a curtsy in bidding him. "Auf wiedersehen, mein Herr . . ." He put away the nail file with a thoughtful smile and folded his towel neatly. No,

Off The Map

*A Dangerous Assignment Undertaken—
the Location of a German Factory in which
a Secret Deadly Weapon was being Evolved*

By Stanley Jackson

you couldn't get your fingernails clean but it didn't matter. One was happy to-day, and that long row of lorries ready to roll to some new battlefield had looked as if they had just come off the line. Life was good. . . .

Corporal Biehl, once an architect in Vienna, came in.

"The captain wishes to see you, sergeant," he said in his careful English. "Okey-doke?" He could never resist a bit of slang.

"Okey-doke," laughed Werner, reaching for his forage cap.

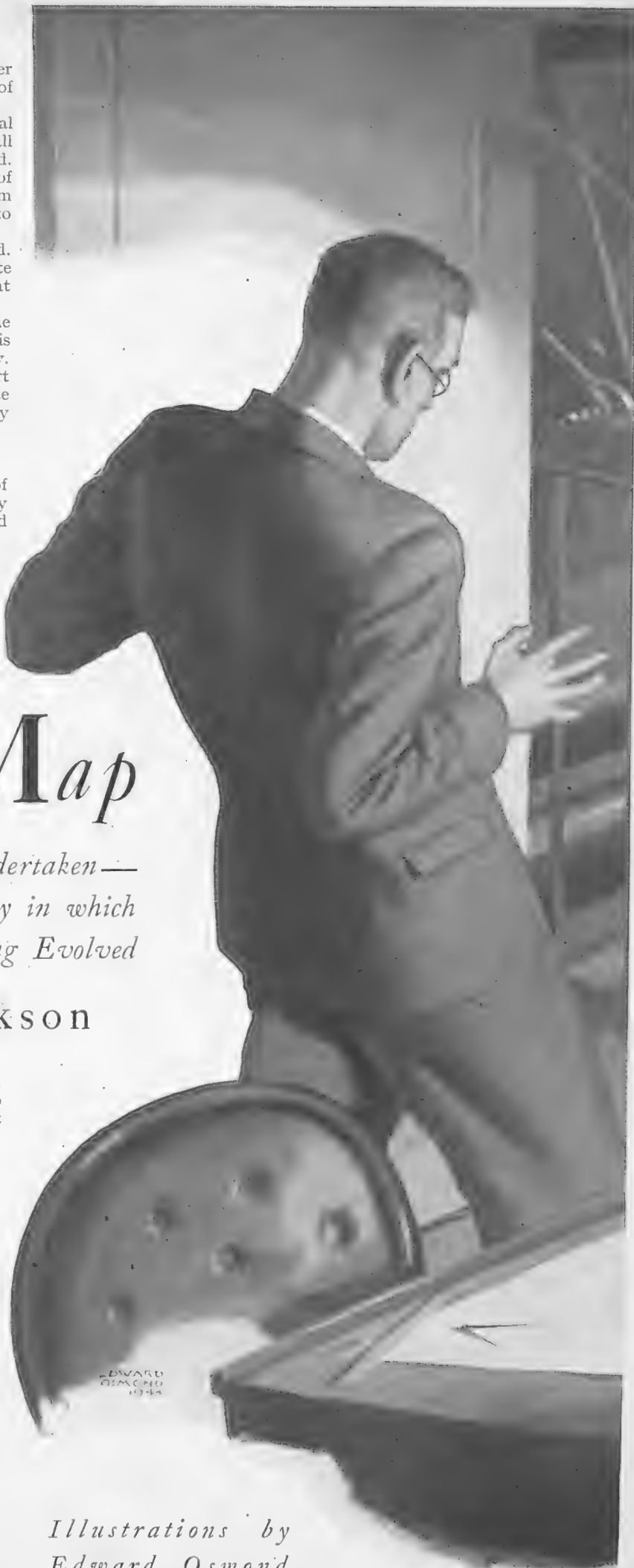
Captain Giles wasted no words. He nodded curtly and tugged at a gingerish moustache that refused to become blimpish.

"You are to report at the War Office at noon to-morrow for an interview," he said gruffly. Then he cleared his throat and a hint of a smile lighted his frosty eye. "Hate to lose you, sergeant, but I hope they're sending you to an OCTU. Be more fun for you. Good luck."

"Thank you, sir." Werner saluted smartly, a little too smartly. He was always trying to cure himself of the old habit of clicking his heels. He went out with his chin high. Ach, it would be nice to be an officer and wear a shirt and tie again and a nice pair of shoes. And he would have that manicure the day he got his "pip."

As things turned out, however, it was to be many, many months before Sergeant Werner was even to contemplate such a luxury as a manicure.

At the War Office he presented his identity card and the



*Illustrations by
Edward Osmond*



THE door was half open. Werner saw the man just as he himself was spotted. He dived for the man's legs and sent him headlong into his room

pass given him by Captain Giles. After kicking his heels for half an hour he was directed to Room 124 D. and found himself being scrutinized by a sparely built, elderly man in civvies and a younger man with a group captain's rings on his sleeve. They saw before them a heavily built man of about forty with wide athletic shoulders and very fair hair. Strange how some Jews, as if to mock the Nazi theorists, managed to look perfect Aryan types, thought the colonel with a secret smile.

"Sit down, sergeant," he said pleasantly. "And, by the way, you can speak freely in front of Group Captain Richards. He is very interested in you."

"Yes?" said Werner, drawing a deep breath. What did all this mean, he asked himself.

Colonel Lamprey flicked through a thick dossier and put on a pair of horn-rimmed glasses.

"We have all your particulars here, Werner," he said crisply. "Rich sportsman, yachting enthusiast, winner of Grand Prix, Mentone, 1932 . . ." He read mechanically without looking up but Werner was aware of the group captain's steady gaze. "I imagine you have no cause to love Hitler's gang, sergeant," said the colonel with a faint grin. "They seized your father's fortune and shot him while he was trying to escape from Dachau, according to their own account. By the way, have you heard anything about your brother's fate?"

Werner shook his head slowly. "I have given up hoping, sir. A man who escaped from the Wahl Camp says that Karl was still alive in 1938. He was flogged because he would not work for them . . ." Poor Karl. Werner felt the tears smarting in his eyes and hoped the Englishmen hadn't noticed. But the colonel was studying the dossier again, and Group Captain Richards was busily lighting a pipe.

"Yes, we know all that," said the colonel. He turned to Richards. "Dr. Karl Werner won the Nobel Prize some years ago for his researches on radium substitutes," he explained. "Awful pity he couldn't get away before those swine collared him. I'm afraid they've got rid of him. None of our agents has been able to get a line on him."

"The Gestapo know how to deal with non-Aryan scientists," said the sergeant fiercely.

The colonel rose and paced up and down the office.

"I take it, Werner, that you would like to avenge your father and brother," he said quietly. "Suppose I gave you that chance? I've had a good report on your job in the Pioneers and you're in line for a commission." He stared keenly at the sergeant. "Well, I can't offer you promotion. In fact, only a good chance of getting shot. At the same time, it's a chance of hitting the Nazis where it hurts."

Werner got up stiffly and saluted. Damn it, he was clicking his heels again!

"I am ready to do my duty, sir," he said gruffly.

The colonel nodded shortly. "You are aware that some time ago Bomber Command visited Peenemunde and strafed a plant that the Nazis imagined to be very secret." He and the group captain exchanged a look. "Well, the enemy is evacuating more and more factories from the Ruhr and we want to find out where they've gone." He chuckled. "For future reference."

"I understand," said Werner. "But how can I help you?"

Lamprey leaned forward with pencil poised. "We want you to go to Germany. It's a chance in a hundred but if it comes off you may save thousands of lives and possibly shorten the war." He got up and went over to a large-scale wall map of France. He pointed his pencil at the Savoy province. "We have had information that the Gestapo is rounding up labour conscripts in this district. They seem to be most interested in men with ship-building and naval experience. That's where you come in, Werner."

The group captain pulled his pipe out of his mouth. "Yes, Intelligence has a shrewd idea that the Hun has some new factory in production and is running short of skilled labour. With your yachting experience you might get into a workshop."

"We'll give you some papers certifying that you are an engineer's mate. Is your French good?"

"Better than my English, I fear," grinned Werner.

"Splendid! Now, remember that this is a chance shot and we can do nothing for you once we have flown you to Italy and shoved you over the French frontier. You may be shot on sight or chucked into a concentration camp. Or you may find yourself in Hamburg, Bremen or Kiel—and no use to us at all for our present purpose. But if the luck holds you may get

into a factory that's not on the map yet. And it will be up to you to get out." He laughed shortly. "It's a devil of an assignment but it has worked before. You can back out if you like . . ."

Werner made an impatient grimace. "I am a soldier, sir," he said grimly. "I beg your pardon. I think the difficulty will be to get the information to you if I find it."

"We have anticipated that, sergeant," said Colonel Lamprey. "Before leaving here you will have memorized the names and addresses I shall give you, together with a short code message. One of our agents is in Munich, another in Magdeburg and a third in Berlin itself. You will make for the nearest one. Believe me," he added with a smile, "it will not be long before Bomber Command acts on your tip."

"You bet," put in the group captain. "But you'll have to carry a map of the lay-out in your head. We'll want to hear about local landmarks and a plan of the most vital shops. I don't suppose you'll get anything like gun sites and that sort of thing but, if you do, so much the better. This is the kind of thing we would like." He drew up his chair and made a rough sketch of a factory installation, showing stores, workshops, landmarks and so on.

"I understand, sir," said Werner.

Colonel Lamprey passed him his cigarette case and the sergeant lit up.

"By Jove, you've got a workman's hands," chuckled the colonel.

THE car slid to a standstill and a uniformed chauffeur stepped out and clicked his heels. "You stay here," grunted Werner. "I must go back for some papers"

"That's the kind of detail that's important in this business. I've got a hunch that you'll come through. I'm going to turn you over to a Staff Officer who will give you a bit of coaching and those all-important names and addresses. You mustn't write them down on any account. Before you go, we'll have you fixed up in a French workman's clothes and with his papers. You see, sergeant, we anticipated that you'd suit this job."

"Thank you, sir." He got up as the colonel put out his hand. They shook hands and Richards followed suit.

"Best of luck and good hunting . . ."

WITHIN thirty-six hours Werner had been arrested in a village near Annecy. He was bullied by a Gestapo official for three hours but would not

budge from the statement that he had deserted his ship and was picking up a living where he could.

"I did not wish to leave France," he kept repeating, knowing that this was the very bait for the Gestapo man. He was severely cuffed every time he made the statement but it was worth it.

"We shall have to ignore your wishes, my friend," said the German with heavy sarcasm. "You will have to pay the Reich a little visit to learn discipline."

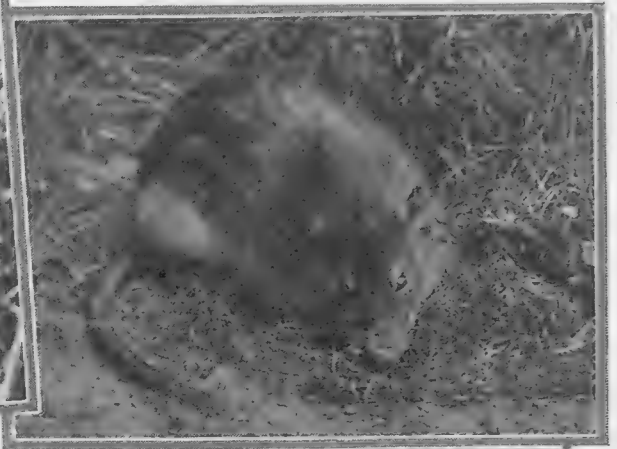
Werner was locked up for a week and lived on a daily bowl of soup and a thin slice of bread. Then, with two hundred Frenchmen, he was piled into a cattle truck. Unsure of his French accent, he spoke as little as possible. The other men were also sullen and uncommunicative. Apart from cursing (*Continued on page 68*)



EDWARD
OSMUND
1944



(On left) A Water Vole about to enjoy a swim.
(Below) A Brown Rat. It is probably owing to the fact that the rat often leads a semi-aquatic life that the two species are frequently confused.



The Cosy Little Vole

By B. Melville Nicholas

WITH the dawn of warmer days the birds and animals of our countryside respond to the call of spring and start looking for mates. It is, according to custom, the males which do the courting, and one of the earliest creatures to embark upon the all-important business of finding a wife is the water vole. Now the water vole is not a rat, although it is often so named, even by people who have lived their lives surrounded by both these rodents. True, both species belong to the same order, but there are many outstanding differences which aid, even the casual observer, to distinguish the one from the other.

For instance, the voles have blunt muzzles and short ears—the latter being almost completely enveloped in fur; there are also differences in body structure, for whereas rats and mice have long bodies, voles are more clumsily built and have heads less elongated, and shorter tails.

In the case of the water vole, whose

general body colour is dark greyish-brown with lighter underparts, the fur is thick and often nearly an inch in length; the eyes are small, while the ears only just protrude above the fur.

It is probably owing to the fact that the rat often leads a semi-aquatic life that the two species are frequently confused and the vole so commonly dubbed "the water rat." Actually—and quite apart from differences in physical structure and appearance—the unsuspicious and confiding water vole has little in common with the robber of the homestead and farmyard, for the vole is a vegetarian, living mainly on grasses, weeds and other succulent herbage.

All water voles are amphibious in their habits, residing in waterside burrows, where they make snug nests at the end of long and winding tunnels. But a prolonged rainfall frequently causes a sudden rising of the river and the water vole finds itself washed from its home. It seems rather strange that a creature so dearly fond of the water should be a victim of a flood, but such is the case, for although the water vole is definitely aquatic in its habits, it loves a cosy, dry sleeping-place. Indeed, it becomes very distressed when forced to evacuate its



A Bank Vole having a wash and brush up outside his front door

residence, and I have seen many a water vole frantically looking for temporary shelter.

Fortunately, water voles are accomplished miners and, given the opportunity, can soon dig themselves fresh apartments, making cosy nests of finely shredded grass and leaves farther inland. As a rule each vole has its own dormitory, and although there may be (Continued on page 66)



A Short-tailed Field Vole. (Right) A pair of timid young Field Voles. Although naked and blind at birth, the youngsters grow and develop quickly, and within about eight weeks are difficult to distinguish from the adults





Dance, Lady, Dance

JOHNNY LOBLAW sat at the bar of the Café l'Escargot in London with two of the other fellows from his outfit. They had the top buttons of their tunics undone, signifying that they were fighter pilots. Pete Lester and Randy White had already picked that whimsey up from the R.A.F., although they had only been in the country a couple of weeks. They picked up things that suited them, like the top-button trick and the way around a Spitfire, as though it were a second nature, soaking up anything to do with flying with an effortless blotting-paper technique.

But, thought Johnny, when it came to the rest of the war they just didn't seem to realize what it was all about. Some little switch was waiting inside them to

be clicked on. When that happened, a light of understanding would dawn in their eyes, and they would be part of the crowd that made up this funny little island.

Pete Lester was the blinder of the two, thought Johnny, tops when it came to flying, but with an illusion, off the field, that he was God's gift to women.

"Say, fellers," said Pete, "take a look over there. There's the first pretty girl I've seen since I've been in this country."

Which was exactly two weeks and this was his first leave in London.

Johnny Loblaw followed the path of two pairs of eyes and saw the girl. She was more than pretty; dark hair, ivory skin and startling eyes that drew a second look. The only flaw in her beauty was

the man sitting at the same table, an English major, nice enough in his own way, but he was in everybody else's way too, and he was not even dancing with the girl.

Randy White, a slow-voiced Texan, winked at Johnny. "Go ahead, Pete, cut in if you can."

Johnny said nothing. When he had transferred from the Canadian Air Force to the 21st Pursuit Group of the U.S. Army Air Force he had found it difficult to adjust himself at first. He was glad to be among his own people, but they were all so brand new. He felt like a sophomore among a bunch of freshmen. It would wear off, he knew, after the others had had their first mix-up with the Hun, whether in the air or elsewhere. It had happened to him, he remembered, when



How a Pair of American Airmen were Initiated to the Realities of War

By Day Russell

he had seen what a bomb had done to the village near his first station. The initiation, subtle or otherwise, happened to all who came from the other side. They came over brand new, not realizing what it was all about, and then suddenly the surface cracked, they fell through—and, well, realized what war meant to people when they had been in it for some years.

Randy in his slow way had already begun to catch on. But Pete was too smooth, too slick. You couldn't hold it against him, because he was rated tops in a plane and saw no reason why he shouldn't cut fast and loose when he was out of one. Johnny had flown with his kind before and knew they had something in a scramble, a sure-fire confidence, that could be very useful if it had technique as well.

Randy White's slow voice egged Pete on. "Go ahead, Casanova. Don't lose your nerve."

Pete's eyes were still looking over his shoulder at the girl.

"*SAY, fellers,*" said Pete, "take a look over there. There's the first pretty girl I've seen since I've been in this country"

"You think I couldn't do it, huh?" Randy grinned. "By the loving look in that major's eyes, brother, I'll bet you couldn't do it."

"Two bits?" said Pete.

"Two bits it is, brother."

Then as luck would have it, and luck had a special eye on Pete, a waiter sidled up to the major, whispered in his ear, or so it seemed, and the major excused himself to the girl and went out of the room.

Pete smoothed his black hair, cocked his eye at the mirror to check the two waves of which he was so careful; he tugged his tunic into shape.

"Put your money on the bar," he said. "You've lost."

He slipped off his stool and Johnny Loblaw watched the girl. Then Johnny turned back to his drink. He knew Pete would win. The British were being particularly nice to Americans in London and the girl would dance with him not because he was handsome and knew it, but because she would be anxious to show how grateful they all felt towards the Americans.

Randy White gave a play-by-play description.

"Hold tight, everybody. He's turning on the famous Lester charm; it's positively oozing out of him. She's smiling back—he's closing in for the kill—jumping cats! She's turned him down."

Johnny Loblaw turned to watch, and sure enough the girl was smiling, but politely refusing with the faintest shake of the head.

"Hold on, fellers," grinned Randy. "The famous Lester technique is on trial. Shades of Bunker Hill! He's not going to let himself be licked by the British—no—he's advancing on all fronts—"

Then Randy paused. "Of all the lowest forms of animal life! He's cheating—he's telling her about the bet."

Johnny Loblaw watched. It was true. He could see it by the



THEN they danced. She wore an evening dress, out of date, but nice enough

sudden turn of her head towards the two left at the bar, and by Pete Lester's redoubled persuasiveness.

"Shucks!" drawled Randy White. "He's won!"

Johnny saw it all, and it was not in the book. He saw the sudden glisten of tears in the girl's eyes, saw her bite her lip and blink, then smile, and, when she really smiled, it was something. The girl had a kind of transparent, sad beauty that came even through the smile. Pete was definitely out of his depth, but struggling bravely to save his face. He knew what a razzing he would get if he lost his bet.

Then they danced. She wore an evening dress, out of date, but nice enough, black, low cut over her cream white skin, tight over her breasts and down to her hips, then flaring in long folds to her feet. Randy's grin began to spread over his face, wider and wider. The major had returned to his table, and Randy had seen the shock on his face as he saw the girl dancing with an American officer. But what made Randy smile most was the picture of Pete and the girl. Pete was trying to look as though he were enjoying it.

"Poor Casanova," murmured Randy. "He asked for it and he got it. What a lousy dancer. You'd think they'd teach girls to dance over here. She's awful, positively wooden." He turned back to his drink. "He can have his two bits. Beauty is truth and truth beauty, said the poet, but boy, it ain't rhythm."

Then, it seemed, the dance was over and Pete must have dumped the girl on the major's lap and beat it for the bar, because he slipped in between Randy and Johnny Loblaw, drained his glass, and called for another.

"Nice going, pardner," grinned Randy.

Oddly enough, Pete did not rise to his usual quick reply. He sat silently waiting for the next drink to come.

"What's biting you, Casanova?" drawled Randy.

Then all three turned, but it was Pete who got the shock. The major was standing behind them.

"Excuse me," he was saying. "I wonder if you fellows would care to join us at our table?"

Johnny looked at Randy and Randy looked at Pete, but Pete was in with his reply before the others.

"Thank you very much," he lied, "but we're going to a show and we've got to be moving."

The major paused, looking at Pete as if he had to say something that embarrassed him. "Er—by the way—er—I'd like to say how grateful I am to you. I've been trying to persuade my fiancée to dance for so long—but this is the first time—perhaps now you've broken the ice—you understand—"

Pete slipped off his stool, a quieter Pete than sat on it earlier.

"That's all right," he said. "Glad to help."

Then he held out his hand with a spontaneous

comradship. The Englishman smiled and looked at the outstretched hand and then lifted, not his right hand, but his left.

"Excuse the left hand," he said. "The other's in Libya."

Then he was gone and Pete turned back to his stool.

"God!" he said, and that was all.

"What's biting you?" asked Randy sharply. Johnny kept silent.

"Two of them!" said Pete.

"Two what?" asked Randy.

"A girl like that, too," muttered Pete. "That gets you!" He turned defiantly on Randy. "She's got a wooden leg. Lost the other in a raid."

There was a pause. Then Randy, twisting his glass in his fingers, spoke in his slow voice.

"It's a hell of a war!"

Johnny Loblaw felt a sudden relief. He was pleased. He was no longer separated from the other two by an invisible barrier. They, too, had been initiated.

END



THE major paused, looking at Pete as if he had to say something that embarrassed him. "Er—by the way—er, I'd like to say how grateful I am to you"

By Jane Gordons

The occasion was a party. A good-looking young woman in uniform had just been introduced to a middle-aged married woman. The girl in uniform was almost too obviously well-made-up and well-fed. Her well-bleached hair was swept up from her forehead and carefully curled above her ears; her well-cared-for hands were manicured and delicately white. The married woman wore pre-war clothes; her hair was unset and her hands rough, red and a little knobbly about the knuckles. Instead of make-up, lines and crow's-feet adorned her face. During the course of conversation the young woman in uniform said: "And what war work do you do for your country, Mrs. G——?"

"Domestic service," answered Mrs. G—— quite proudly, and just for a moment the young woman in uniform looked a trifle silly.

On Duty and Off

THIS new Elizabeth Arden parcel service to women serving with His Majesty's Forces overseas is, to my way of thinking, the nicest wartime service which has yet been offered by any beauty firm. You will have already seen in *Britannia and Eve* that the Board of Trade permit allows the Arden preparations to be sent to Service women overseas free of purchase tax and without quota restrictions. Five shillings per parcel has to be added to the cost of the parcel to cover postage and insurance. If you have a daughter, sister or a very great friend serving overseas, it'll interest you to know what it takes to make the best parcel, and in a way it is nice to know that we can pay our women serving overseas the compliment of sending them the best cosmetics, which we cannot get ourselves at home. You may not have been able to get Amoretta Cream for many a long month, but you can send out as much as you like in one of these overseas parcels, and although nothing's too good for the women abroad, still it's nice to know that you get it tax free. The tax-free powder is from 6s. 6d., the lipstick 6s., foundation creams 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d. and 5s. 6d., rouge 5s. 6d. and 7s.

To begin with the obvious, you would send powder, lipstick, rouge, powder foundation and skin food. There are ten lipsticks to choose from. These include (1) Chariot, which is a bright red with an orange undertone; (2) Victoire, a clear, vivid red; (3) Primula, a deep pink; (4) Redhead, which has a tinge of mahogany; (5) Redwood, a little deeper mahogany; (6) Royal; (7) Stop Red, a real pillar-box shade; (8) Magenta Red, which has a bluish undertone; (9) Burnt Sugar, introduced at the beginning of the war especially for the A.T.S. uniform; and (10) Russet, which is made with a special base for lips that do not take kindly to the ordinary lipstick. There is a matching cream and dry rouge for all these lipsticks except Burnt Sugar and Russet. For girls serving overseas the cream rouge is more practical, as it lasts longer, and, if it is properly applied, looks far and away more natural.

When it comes to the powder foundation, you can order Amoretta, which is the one for normal skins, or Ultra Amoretta for the very dry skin, or Sunpruf, which is grand for tropical climates; or again, the All-Day Foundation, which is particularly popular for the girls who are on duty all day long. Given their choice, most women would select the Velva Cream.

12s. 6d. is 10s. with the reduction. The most popular time for Service women working in London is, of course, the lunch-hour; which ranges from twelve to two o'clock, and you need to book your appointment well in advance—about a week ahead, if possible. The same thing, of course, applies to women in London on leave. Should you want a hand treatment, which is reduced for Service women from 12s. 6d. to 10s., this can be worked in with the long face treatment, taking in all about an hour and a quarter. The facial includes the famous Rubinstein masks, and at present all masks are available.

COSMETICS are certainly much easier to get than they were a few months ago, and I think the time is ripe for a short refresher course in the art of make-up. Here are some hints by the most famous beauty experts.

Dorothy Gray's theory of make-up. Your skin and not your hair should be the key to your colour scheme.

To make lips less conspicuous apply lipstick to the centre of the lips only

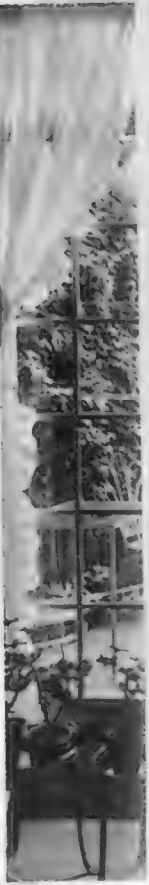
All blondes, she says, cannot wear a rosy make-up, nor are all brunettes dark-complexioned. In some skins the orange or golden tones predominate. These are the creamy-white, ivory or tanned skins, and they are all golden rather than blue in undertone. In these types the blood-tones in the cheeks and lips are orange-red or tawny, and if a purplish or raspberry rouge or lipstick is used, the make-up is unbecoming. These skins need the lipsticks and rouges with an orange or mahogany undertone. In other skins the blue tones are apparent and the lips and cheeks have an almost bluish cast. In a thin, pale skin the effect is a bluish-pink, and in the older skin the tones are florid, almost purple. Rouges and lipsticks for these

(Continued on page 56)



It is nice to know that we can pay our women serving overseas the compliment of sending them the best cosmetics, which we cannot get ourselves at home





Spring Song



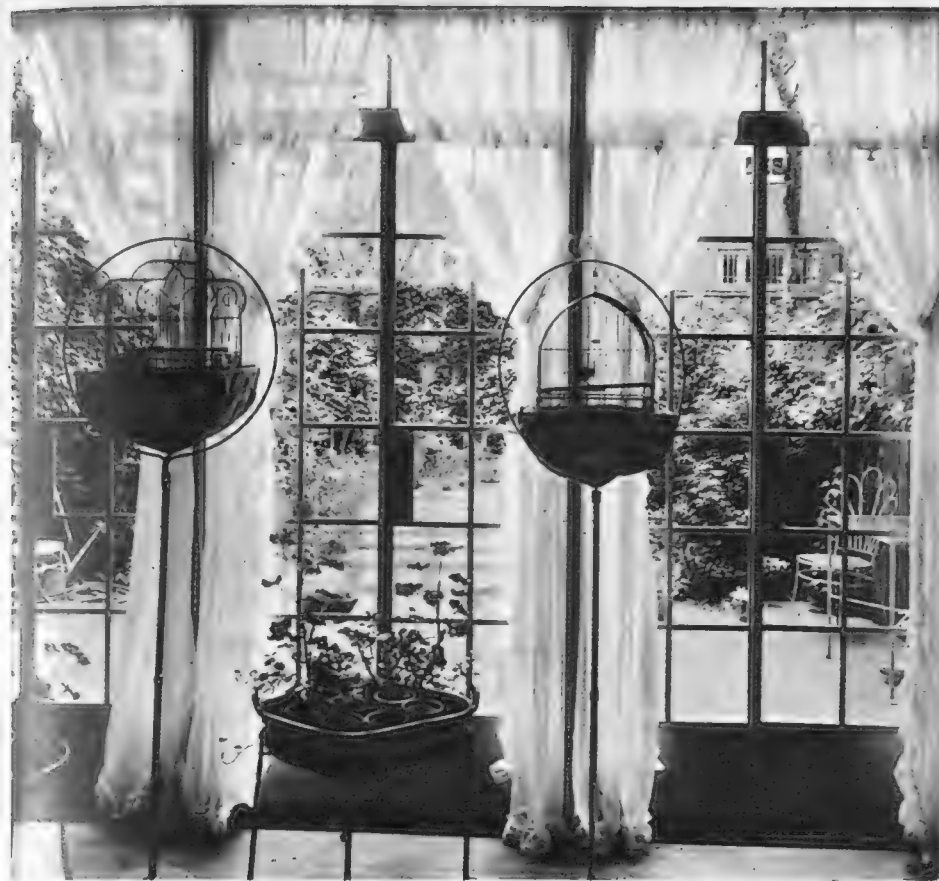
IT is the fifth year of war. We are weary. We are five years older, and often look it. Clothes, homes and minds alike are out-at-elbows, jaded. The strain of keeping up cheerful appearances begins to tell.

Personal tragedy has touched thousands, will touch thousands more. Physical weariness has its antidotes in sleep and other forms of relaxation. Mental weariness is harder to combat. Yet at the end of this long winter the miracle occurs again. The blood coursing slowly in the veins quickens ecstatically. Sunshine bursts from a heavy sky and it is spring again. . . .

Not even a world at war can hold back the spring. It is here again, young, stimulating, heart-warming and hopeful. We have captured its warmth and tenderness on these two pages in a series of nostalgic pictures, reminding us of springs gone and springs to come; of a past that had its good times, of a future that will be new and worth-while again.

There are wood anemones in a filter of sunlight,



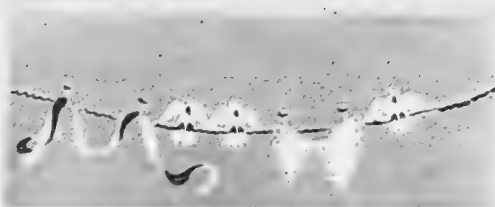


there are lambs, babies and daffodils, muslin-draped windows innocent of black-out. There is Paris, too, on an April morning. The jaunty, lovely Paris-in-the-spring which was a symbol of gay, care-free living.

These things have a heartbreaking quality to-day, because they seem to have no ties with the misery and conflict of our present. Even the word Spring has bitter associations concerned with invasions and offensives. But out of this emerges one fact. This is the spring of our greatest endeavour and our greatest promise.

We are to turn our eyes from the contemplation of beauty and go forward with the work of victory. A moment or two to yearn over spring and its softer manifestations is permissible. It is good in fact, because it renews the heart and strengthens the sinews for more effort and for greater sacrifice in the cause of all springs which lie ahead in that strange problematical future of after the war

Winifred Lewis



LAUNDRY BLUES

Laundries seem to be in a lot of hot water not strictly associated with cleansing.

The laundry problem from the housewife's point of view is far from funny, but the laundries have their problems, too, and are entitled to sympathy.

For us, service is slow, strange pillow-cases and shirts have a habit of turning up where one's own possessions should be, and complaints to the management seem to fall upon permanently deafened ears. But the laundry people are not enjoying themselves either. Washing for the world under present conditions is hard going. Nothing but a wholesale return of washing materials, labour and petrol to the laundries will put things completely right. What the laundries need most from the public is help and understanding, which will ease the situation for both sides.

At the average laundry bundles of washing have to pass through at least twenty-one pairs of hands in the process of cleansing. Much of the Service and Civil Defence washing received is pretty dirty, and household linen, after four-and-a-half years of war, is not as strong as it was.

All this makes hard work and extra supervision, so obviously it helps if the public cut down to the smallest minimum the amount of washing sent. Doyleys, table napkins, and such-like should not go at all. Even large starched tablecloths can be put away, in favour of coloured small ones which do not soil so quickly.

Mending before sending is sound practice, both from the customers' and the laundries' point of view. Decipherable laundry lists are also a help in 'saving checkers' headaches and preventing cases of mistaken identity. Know your laundry mark, so that you can quote it if you have to make an inquiry.

Collections are irregular and will continue to be so while petrol and drivers are short, but it saves valuable man-hours if the laundry is ready, waiting along with the money to pay when the collector calls.

Try helping the laundry in this way, and by helping them, help yourself.

An article on ironing and pressing appears on page 51.



WINNERS:

1, 2 and 3. The date frock. 4. The striped shirt. 5 and 6. Pinny frocks. 7. Dickeys. 8. Dress and jacket suit. 9. Jumper suit



In this third year of clothes rationing, the big dress winners are the candy striped shirt, the pinny frock, the jumper suit, the dressy date frock, the dress and jacket suit, the dicky. And with good reason.

Candy stripes give chic zest to the plainest suit.

The pinny frock, the jumper suit, the dress and jacket suit have long registered their versatile interchangeability. Each outfit has its own individual character; each mingles with everything else you have or intend to buy.

The dicky is woman's victorious second front. Nothing so completely changes the look of an outfit. Any deep V or rounded neckline acquires spruce vivacity with a dicky of crisp piqué, or starched Swiss embroidery. The austere tailor-made becomes delicately feminine with a froth of lace at the throat.

Most women aim at acquiring one date frock of a kind that will, of course, be dateless, to be worn for special visits, dinner and dancing, the wedding of a friend, or just a fine afternoon. This kind of dressy, draped or ruffled frock can be seen in the shops in black, and in many vivid, compelling colours—scarlets, bright greens, violets, carbon blues. A dressy frock may not be a must in the wardrobe. You can get along without it, but it has a particularly high escapist value, as it is such a holiday from workmanlike clothes. On this count, it is worth considering when your coupons take the count.

All of the clothes drawn here are typical of what you can now see in the better London and provincial stores.

DRESS: By Jean Burnup
Editor Women's Department

CARDIGAN

OVER YOUR DRESS

MATERIALS

7 ozs. La Laine 3-ply wool; No. 10 and No. 13 needles; 9 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; length, 21 ins.; sleeve seam, 4 ins.

TENSION

8 st. and 9 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 102 st. with No. 9 needles. Work the following rib:

1st row.—(Right side of work.) P. 2, * k. 2 tog. but do not s. off needles; k. again into first st. and s. both st. off. P. 4. Repeat from * to end of row, ending p. 2.
2nd row.—K. 2, * p. 2, k. 4; repeat from * to end, ending k. 2. Repeat these two rows until 4 ins. have been worked. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of next row and every 6th row after until there are 134 st. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 102 st. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 st. at beg. of every row 10 times, leaving 32 st. Cast off.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 48 st. Work the pattern as back for 4 ins. Now m. 1 st. at left edge of work on next and every 6th row until there are 16 increases made (64 st.). Now k. 2 tog. at straight edge (neck) on next and every 4th row and at same time k. 2 tog. at other edge (armhole) on every row until there have been (Continued on page 67)



ABBREVIATIONS: K.=knit; P.=purl; M.=make; S.=slip; St.=stitch or stitches; Tog.=together; Beg.=beginning; Wl. fwd.=wool forward



BLOUSE

BENEATH YOUR SUIT

MATERIALS

6 ozs. Copley-Smith's 2-ply Excelsior, pale pink; No. 9 needles; buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; length, 20 ins.; sleeve seam, 4 ins. (cuff back).

TENSION

8½ st. and 11 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 113 st. Work the following pattern:
1st row.—P. 2nd row.—K. 3rd row.—P. 4th row.—K. 5th row.—P. 6th row.—*K. 5, p. 1; repeat from * to end, ending k. 5. 7th row.—P. 8th row.—K. 9th row.—P. 10th row.—K. 11th row.—P. 12th row.—K. 2, p. 1, * k. 5, p. 1; repeat from * ending k. 2. Repeat these 12 rows, and when 2 ins. are worked m. 1 st. at beg. and end of next row and every 6th row after (keeping pattern) until there are 129 st. Work straight until side seams are 9 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 95 st.
Now work on half the st. only, knitting 2 tog. at centre of row to make 47 st. on each side, until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 4 st. at beg. of every row 8 times, leaving 15 st. Cast off. Work other side the same. Pick up 8 st. to every inch down right side of opening, and work 2 rows k. Now, starting at top, k. 2, * k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 8; repeat from * to end, ending k. 4. Work 2 more rows. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Cast on 161 st. and work as back, with 48 extra st., until side seams are 9 ins. (177 st. at bust). (Continued on page 67)

SHOWERS



HEALTH AND BEAUTY By Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of exercises or preparations mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1

Winter, with its lack of outdoor exercise, sunshine and fresh air, accumulates toxins in the body; and these must be cleared out of the system with the same spring-cleaning attack that the housewife turns on her home. If you can go to a Turkish bath, do so, and watch with amazement the grime and grease roll out of seemingly clean pores. If you have no Turkish bath locally, you will have to do your own internal and external spring cleaning, and it must be thorough.

Steam or Home Turkish Bath. Run your bath-water into the bath as hot and steaming as possible. If you have a shower-curtain, enclose the bath, and by placing two planks across the bath so that you can sit on one, with feet resting on the other, steam your body well; if you have no shower-curtain, use a blanket or large towel to enclose you and the bath. Steam yourself until the water is cool enough for you to lie in it. Soak yourself for five or ten minutes, keeping the temperature of the water up with additional hot water. Then start scrubbing your whole body from the toes upwards with a soft nail-brush. Work until the body is covered with lather. Soak again for a few minutes, stand up and start to friction-dry your body with the palms of your hands, work heartwards on your limbs and in circles on your torso. When you have rubbed out any secretions in this way, get under a hot, and then cold, shower if possible, or else give yourself a hot, then a cold, rinse with a couple of jugs or basins of cold water. Dry briskly with a hot towel to finish. If you have any medicated bath essence to clear out acidity, use it in the second soak-bath. Wiberg's Pine Essence is excellent for this, and is available in most large London stores.

Hot and Cold. This is a daily routine treatment, for those who are enthusiastic enough to brave a cold splash after a hot one. If you can manage a few minutes' toning exercises first to get the pores working, so much the better; then, under your hot shower, or in your hot bath, soap the body well with a friction rub. Then rinse off soap, either with a cold shower or with a cold splash from the cold tap, or jugs of cold water. This hot-and-cold treatment stimulates your circulation, so that the blood-stream can remove the deep-seated little toxin pockets of resistance deep down in your system.

Other Baths. A hot mustard-bath is excellent if you are very tired and want to refresh yourself before getting into bed. An Epsom-salts bath is very good for all excessive acid conditions. You will need two pounds of salts to an ordinary bath and should stay in for twenty minutes; keep the temperature up, of course.

Internal Cleansing is just as important as the external treatments. You should take a good herbal mixture that will not purge, and yet will give a thorough cleansing to the intestines. Take it every other day for a week. In addition, drink one large glass of water each morning on rising, and at night before going to bed have a glass of hot water.

Of course, you may be able to have one complete liquid day, drinking nothing but water and fruit-juices (stewed fruit-juices are allowed) for twenty-four hours; this is excellent, and if you can extract vegetable-juices and drink them as well, you will have given a good knock-out blow to excess toxins.

One other part of the body needs a special cleansing treatment—your lungs, that directly affect your blood stream—so do five minutes' breathing exercises night and morning for a whole week, even if you do neglect them after that; maybe you will feel encouraged enough to acquire this habit permanently.

DISTRESSED AREAS

Upper Lip . . . fine down that seems too noticeable to you. Ask your best friend to give you the truth, and if she says it is a moustache, peroxide it regularly. Apply a pad of cotton wool that has been dipped in very hot water and wrung out, leave it on your upper-lip for a good two minutes, redipping if it gets cool, and then, starting from the corners of the mouth, tweeze the whiskers out. After the war you will be able to get a good wax to do this for you.

First Finger and Thumb . . . wear, work and smoking make these the worst-looking part of most hands, so this part should get more and better care than all the rest of your hands. Pumice is a great help, or the habit of working a little damp soap into this part of the hand before starting your work. Then you must massage a hand-cream into the crevices and cracks, so that all stain and grime are worked out as soon as your chores are finished. You can still get a good home-treatment outfit for the hands at 10s. 6d.

Cuticles . . . will get ragged. Don't press them back, as this will only make them loose and ugly; press them against the nail and, getting the hand-care outfit mentioned next door, use the preparation for nails and cuticles. This Healthinale will improve the condition of nails and of cuticles if used daily, preferably before going to bed at night. Never cut cuticles, of course, and make sure that when trimming the nails you do not injure the top corners of the cuticle.

FOOLS say



"SOAP
AND
WATER
ARE
GOOD
ENOUGH
FOR
MY
FACE"

Wash your face with soap and water, then, getting a good cleansing lotion and a clean piece of cotton wool, work the lotion into your face and wipe it off with the cotton wool. The result—if you have done it properly, working around the nostrils, ears, scalp and chin—will show you that when your face is really dirty, soap and water will not even get it properly clean.

Again, if you are the soap-and-water type, you are most likely so hale and hearty that you do not bother about soft or hard water. Hard water is bad for your skin; it will dry it and excessively line it.

If you cannot catch your own rain-water for your face, or get distilled water, only use water on your face once a day at the most, and use a lotion to do the major cleansing night and morning. You can still get a mild tonic to wipe off any excessive greasiness and give you that fresh, dewy feeling.

Although you can scrub your neck more violently you will still find that, comparatively, soap and water will not cleanse half as well as the lotion, and that your neck will have a dingy look if you do not use a good deep cleanser on it.



"CAN'T
HELP
MY HAIR
BEING
DULL
AND
LIFELESS
AFTER
THE
WINTER"

Dull hair is a sign of neglected hair. Hair that is well brushed may be fine, thin or straight; it may not look beautiful, but it will have redeeming lights in it.

Brush your hair, and brush it for five minutes by the clock. You will find that when you have done a minute or so your arms tire. Put down the brush and start massaging the scalp with eager fingers, then, as they tire after a minute, do more brushing. But concentrate your fire on the hair and scalp for five minutes, so that the blood is called up to vitalise the scalp and all the roots of the hair are toned up and fed.

Massage the scalp when you are sitting alone, reading or listening to the radio. Use slow, rotating, scalp-shifting movements, pressing deep with the fingers. You may have dark-mouse hair and want to have a few golden glints. A weak solution of peroxide will help without in any way bleaching your hair. . . . Use a saucerful of 10 vols. peroxide and water—50/50, put in about five drops of ammonia, and then before washing and drying your hair, just damp-comb it with this lotion, leave until it is well dry, then shampoo.



"I'LL
HAVE TO
STARVE
MYSELF
TO GET
INTO MY
SUMMER
CLOTHES"

Please. . . . Your diet of rations has been given to you to keep you on the barest supply of health-giving necessities to the diet. Cut out any, and your health will suffer.

You are not getting more than you should be getting of anything, and provided you do not eat too much bread and fried foods and starchy puddings, you should not think of dieting.

Take your meals without liquids by all means. This helps. Eat slowly, chew your food well. This helps, too.

Give up that extra cup of tea or coffee that washes down that extra slice of bread.

One good liquid day a week will get you down in figure, cleanse your body and be healthful. And it will not endanger your energies and morale by lessening your rations intake.

A dieting woman is nervy and naggy and an abomination to her family and associates; she has no place in a war-working world. Eat wisely, then tone and slim your body with specialised exercises for the part of your body that needs it most.

We will send you exercises if you tell us which part of your body needs the concentrated attack.



WINDOW BOXES

Planting a window-box calls for no special gardening technique. They are easy to plan and need very little care beyond a daily watering. Two or three packets of seed will spring up into a shower of colour in a very short time, and at the least expenditure of trouble when the first fitting has been done.

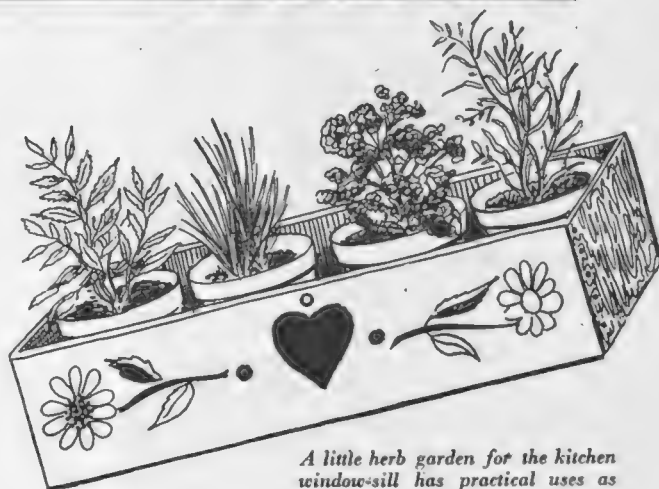
Home-made window-boxes can be made in several simple ways. A protective board across the front of the window-sill, screwed to the wall on either side by means of L-brackets, is the easiest way. Flower-pots are arranged on the window-sill behind the board, which is painted.

Oblong boxes, measured exactly to fit the window-sill, are necessary to make the type of window-box which holds its own earth. These must be securely screwed to the wooden framework of the window, or, again, with L-joints plugged to the surrounding brickwork.

Plant the flowers according to their various heights and colourings. Deep-red wallflowers at the back of the box, with forget-me-nots in front, are much more effective than a higgledy-piggledy mixture of the same varieties. Nasturtiums and maidenhair-fern make a lovely tangle of colour, which spreads itself over the front of the box in soft trails.

Geraniums are, of course, the conventional choice, but less conventional if the shrill pink colourings are chosen and mixed with tall white marguerites at the back and a low front edging of brilliant blue lobelia.

Sweet-smelling plants like mignonette and tobacco-plant do very well in window-boxes, and give a soft perfume inside the house after summer rain.



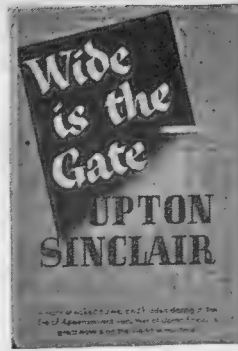
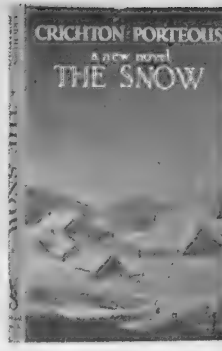
A little herb garden for the kitchen window-sill has practical uses as well as being decorative. Mint, chives, parsley and tarragon, in individual pots, in a window-box painted gaily, Tyrolean manner.



Alyssum Saxatile, bright yellow, makes a front edging for this gay window-box medley, which has orange and yellow marigolds, with flame and citron antirrhinums for background



This is a conventional, but always effective, way of decorating the window-box itself. Sections of tree bark nailed to the framework give a rustic setting to the flowers, which, in this case, consist of trumpet daffodils and Roman hyacinths



Books: Reviewed by Trevor Allen

IF I could do as much with "Sixty-Three Years" (Hutchinson, 18s.) as the Earl of Onslow, I should not complain. Traveller, sportsman, diplomat, he has roamed most countries between Clandon Park and the Antipodes, watched great events and their political personalities and background, as "pouch cad" and so forth in Madrid, Tangier, St. Petersburg, Berlin. Having sampled the House of Lords, as a boy with his father, met a "funny old gentleman" called Disraeli, and wished never to see the place again—much preferring the pantomime—he duly becomes Lord Chairman of House of Lords Committees. . . .

This autobiography abounds in good stories. One about Kaiser William II shows him vetting plans for a church tower, against which an asterisk is placed to draw attention to a footnote. When the finished drawing comes in: "Where," he demands, "is that star I said was to be on the tower?" No one dares tell him, so a star has to be added. Lord Onslow has seen it actually on the tower!

Another concerns Tsar Alexander II, who insisted on having bears to shoot within easy reach of his St. Petersburg Palace. One winter they were

scarce, but a bear had to be found, somehow. The emperor was about to shoot when Bruin began dancing on his hind legs "like Herodias' daughter before King Herod," displaying the marks of the collar which had just been taken off. . . . Men and women of the world will find diversion light and serious in these crowded memoirs.

THERE is more about that fantastic Tsarist Russia in "A Subaltern in Old Russia" (Hutchinson, 18s.) by Lieutenant-General A. A. Ignatyev, the only Red Army General to-day who can claim to have been Count, Tsar's Page, Guardsman of Horse and Military Attaché under the old regime, and lived it down. He takes us back to the time when old soldiers, returning to their village after years of military service, would often find themselves made convenient scapegoats for any local crime, including murder; when it was an iron law of Kiev cadet life that one should be able to tell "blue" stories about local nuns and priests, and discipline and

ceremony in the Pages' School and Chevalier. Guards were a kind of organized lunacy. How that lunacy duly infected the conduct of the Russo-Japanese War is also recorded in this incredible chronicle.

INTERNATIONAL lunacy between the Iwars underlies Mr. Upton Sinclair's fourth engrossing "World's End" novel, "Wide is the Gate" (Werner Laurie, 12s. 6d.). Lanny Budd, the U.S. playboy-consort of multi-millionairess Irma, moves about the European scene as art expert and sees things which give him a change of heart about Irma and all she represents, and convert him to the forces of progress. In Spain's Civil War he rescues a young British airman from prison, as well as an unknown Goya masterpiece from oblivion, and generally pokes an inquisitive finger into most political pies. This 640-page study of a simmering Europe with the crust off will excite those sceptical readers who demand the lowdown on the high-ups in the worst of all possible worlds. Its breadth and range are remarkable.

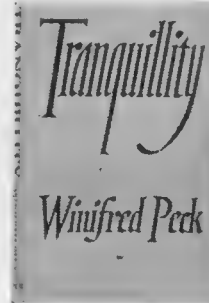
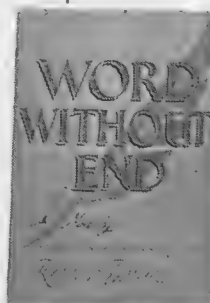
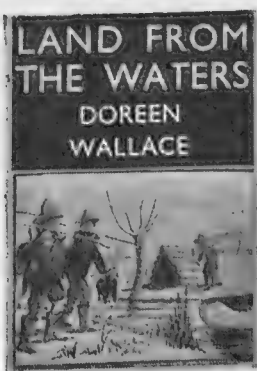
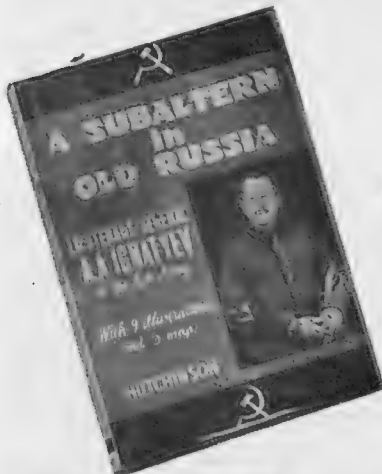
"Why Don't You Tell Me?"

"I DON'T want to look like a contented cow," says Madge to Jeffrey after twenty years of marriage. "Besides, you'd feel a great deal better if you just had orange juice and coffee. Breakfast always makes you lazy." Then she asks him what's in the morning paper. "You always leave it all twisted up." Then she wants to know about Saturday. "Can't you tell me your plans sooner, dear? We're going to Fred's and Beckie's. They're having Walter Newcombe, the foreign correspondent who wrote *World Assignment*. We never have any one around like Walter Newcombe." Then: "Darling, if you want me to pay the bills, you'll have to put some more money in the account." Her theme-song is: "You never tell me anything."

An anatomy of people we know, is it not? From this table-talk which opens Mr. John P. Marquand's "So Little Time" (Hale, 10s. 6d.) you know you will be absorbed in Madge and Jeffrey, U.S. play and film script doctors. They are professional America in the first two years of our war, anxious about the trend of things and their boy, Jim, who is of Service age—the age Jeffrey was when he went into his war. Thinking of Jim, he recalls his first love, and Madge when she was twenty, and the beginnings of his career. He thinks of everything, then and now, and in the years between; and out of his cogitating, and their talks and social life, emerges a picture of America in acute psychological detail which makes this novel distinguished and memorable. The writing is sure, the characterization vital, the dialogue living and true; but that we expect from the author of *H. M. Pulham Esquire*.

THEY had their troubles, even in the placid Fenlands of Cromwell's day, when Dutchmen were brought over to drain the fens and farmers like John Joslin opposed these works as works of the devil which would upset their traditional life and livelihood. That is the conflict which makes Miss Doreen Wallace's "Land from the Waters" (Collins, 9s. 6d.) a dramatic story merging into the Civil War, with Cromwell himself as women's champion who

(Continued on page 58)



Exit The Harem

A Study of the Emancipated Turkish Women of To-day

By Wilma Buckley

AFTER the traditionally British fashion, little is known in this country about the women of Turkey beyond an impression that they were fairly recently "emancipated" and no longer wear face-concealing veils. A vague association of mind with dismantled harems, Constantinople being rechristened Istambul (written thus but pronounced Stamboul, please!) and the abolition of the segregation of the sexes, added to a mental picture of Turkish delight and something glamorously semi-Oriental, roughly sums up the average English reaction to the mention of Turkish women and their world.

Not only is this an inaccurate and stunted sequence of thought on several counts but—seriously speaking—any future relationship between Great Britain and Turkey; the political, commercial and industrial mutual interests of the two countries, undoubtedly call for a wider knowledge of the women of the Turkish Republic and the part they play in national life.

As a clarification and a reminder, it is as well to stress the fact that the emancipation of Turkish women, finally completed by 1935, gave them political, legal and economic equality with men. Under the Ottoman Empire, before Kemal Ataturk's sweeping reforms, their status was little better than that of slavery. Women were not allowed out of doors without being closely veiled or permitted to appear in public with their menfolk; any education was barred to them and girls reaching a marriageable age had no say in the choice of a husband, the matter being settled over

their heads by their families and those of the prospective bridegroom. Everybody knows that, under Moslem law as it used to be, a man was allowed more than one legal wife (not to mention a number of less legal feminine companions, accepted by time-hallowed convention); one may imagine the lack of solid family feeling, the quarrels and "sparring for position" among the various members of the household, the sense of insecurity and subjection.

But all this is now ancient



A reproduction of the sketch which forms the cover design of the sumptuously produced Turkish woman's illustrated magazine "Kadin Ev"



A trio of fashion pages reproduced from the new Turkish woman's illustrated magazine "Kadin Ev." This magazine, sponsored by Turkey's Minister of Education, reflects in its pages a startlingly civilized and chic clothes sense, worthy of favourable comparison with pre-war-Paris elegance



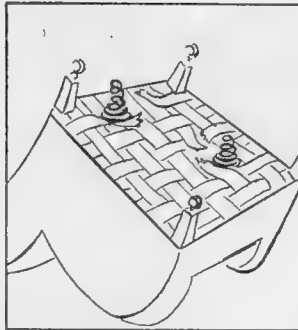
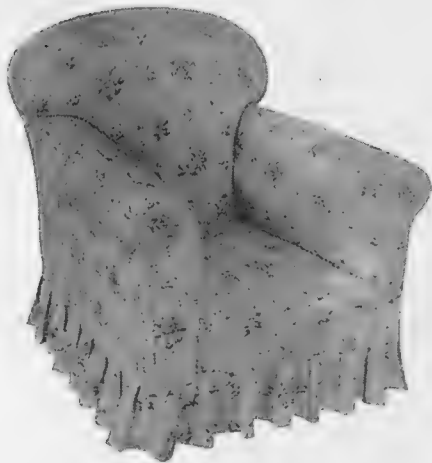
history. The programme of the Republican People's Party, drawn up in 1935, made it clear that henceforth there should be no distinction between the sexes—final climax to a long and drastic series of reforms set in motion by the constitution of the Turkish Republic in 1924. To-day, in Turkey, women actually occupy such qualified positions as those of deputies, magistrates and even chiefs of police!

Below the surface framework and apart from these comparatively few shining examples of feminine civic

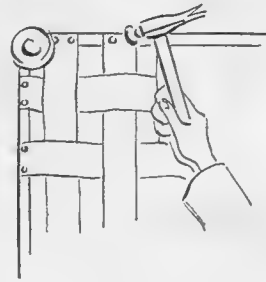
achievement, their emancipation is a slow process, naturally enough, particularly where the older generation is concerned. The Turks being a conservative people, content to let matters develop in a leisurely fashion, mental adjustments must therefore take their course, whatever legal and social changes may be the (Continued on page 61)



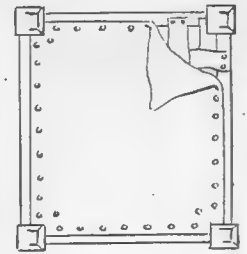
You Can Mend A Chair



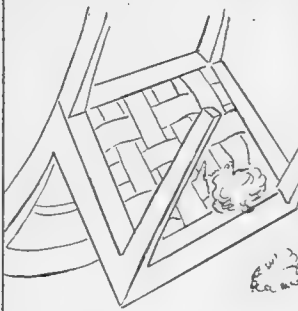
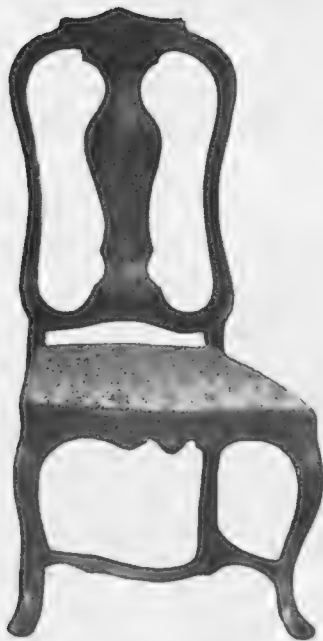
Sagging springs can be repaired if the springs are not broken. Turn the chair bottom side up and remove the canvas covering. This will probably reveal worn and threadbare webbing through which the springs have pushed, causing the uncomfortable dents in the seat.



Remove old webbing and cut fresh pieces to the width of the chair frame with enough to spare for turning in the ends. Tack the new webbing down to the chair frame, weaving them through each other and pulling each one very tight so that the springs are firmly confined.



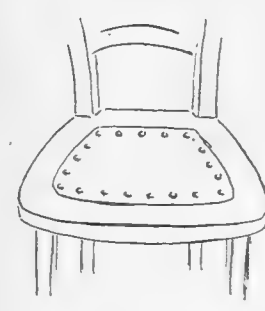
When the springs are firmly held under the new webbing, cut a new square of canvas for the bottom of the chair. Turn in about an inch all round the edges and stretch it neatly, and also very tightly, across the bottom of the chair. Tack down all round the frame with brass-headed tacks.



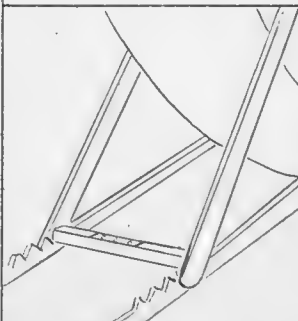
To cure dining chairs with lumpy seats turn up the seat to see if the hair stuffing has matted. Remove the old webbing and lightly pull the stuffing apart with the fingers to distribute it more evenly before replacing it. Reinforce, if possible, with some new flock before fitting new webbing.



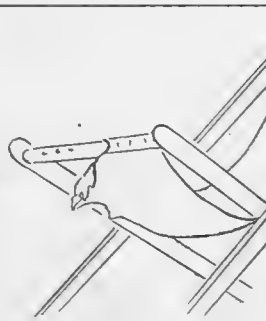
To fit new fabric or rexine remove the worn cover and cut out the new one with this as a guide. Stretch the new covering very tightly over the seat, pin in the centre to hold in place, and tack with brass-headed nails at the edges. Mitre the corners as shown above.



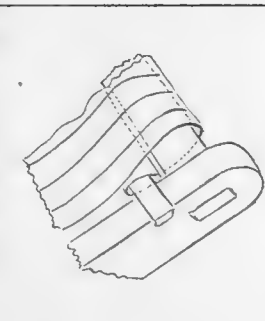
Rush seats which have worn out can be made neat again by completely removing the worn-out cane and fitting a perforated cane seat. Now, if the chair is painted all over there is no clash of colour between the old frame and the new seat. Brass-headed nails are used to fix the new seat in place.



Deck chairs frequently break down at the cross-bar which fits into the supporting notches. Gluing is not always sufficient as a repair, but if, after gluing, a small metal plate is laid across the repaired part and screwed down, the chair is safe. The ironmonger would supply the plate.

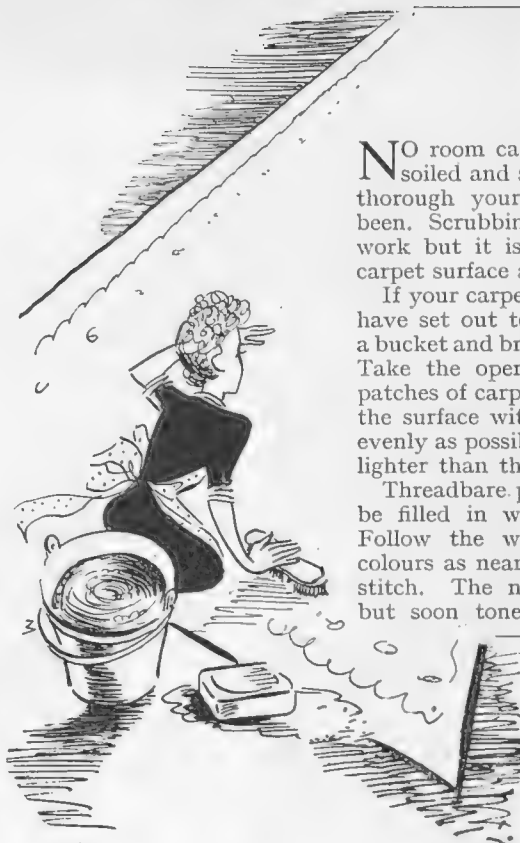


Deck chair canvas often breaks away from the frame at the front of the seat, where the most pressure is. Untack the canvas and strengthen by machining a layer of coloured braid over the worn part or by adding a strong, new hem. Reattach to the frame, allowing a generous turn-under.



When attaching a new canvas to the top of a deck chair this is the best way of doing it. A deep hem with good turnings is machined along the top of the canvas. Remove the cross-bar and thread through the hem. Alternately, stitching must be done strongly by hand, with the cross-bar in place.

Give Your Room A New Look



NO room can be really springlike with a soiled and spotty carpet, no matter how thorough your spring cleaning may have been. Scrubbing with carpet soap is tedious work but it is effective in giving a soiled carpet surface a brand new look.

If your carpets are large you may feel you have set out to scrub Salisbury Plain with a bucket and brush, but don't be discouraged. Take the operation steadily. Scrub small patches of carpet at a time and don't drench the surface with water. Scrub hard but as evenly as possible to avoid getting one patch lighter than the next.

Threadbare patches in mats and rugs can be filled in with coloured wool stitching. Follow the worn design and match the colours as near as possible. Use a big satin stitch. The new wool looks odd at first but soon tones down after a little wear.

**BY THESE
METHODS
WHICH,
THOUGH
NOT NEW,
ARE STILL
EFFECTIVE**

NEW furniture and exciting decorations are something we have to wait for until the end of the war and then, possibly, longer, but if you are bored beyond endurance with the same old scene and the same shabby, jaded look of it all, try a little furniture removing as a tonic.

Make a survey of the furniture and plan something bold and unconventional in the way of rearrangement. While you are on the job and in the mood discard some of the pieces which are not either useful or decorative but are merely there because you happen to have them.

Study balance in the new layout. Leave windows unobstructed and put small tables where they are most needed. Try to achieve spaciousness with an arrangement which gives every piece its fullest value of usefulness and beauty.

CURTAINS everywhere are looking shabby and conscious of their years of faithful service. The coupon situation makes it almost impossible to contemplate new curtains, but a spring outfit for windows can be arranged by dyeing the old ones to new and stimulating colours.

Home dyeing results depend, among other things, upon choosing a suitable colour as a substitute for the old. Obviously dark colours cannot go over light, neither do certain colours successfully combine in the dyeing process.

Pale colours dye any deeper shade. Dark colours must be changed to a still darker one which has some relation in its make-up to the old. Red makes a good plum or wine; yellow can be dyed orange, green or brown.

Use a large receptacle for the dye solution. Patchiness is caused by having insufficient dye solution to cover the fabric. If the fabric is tightly folded in the solution the absorption of the dye is more uneven than if there is sufficient room for it to spread out in the bath.

Fringe trimming about an inch deep gives a new interest to dyed curtains. Two rows of contrasting colour round the sides and the hem is effective and easy to sew.



Cottage Pie



strongly on the intestines.

Use soft rainwater for all beauty washing—for face, neck, hands and hair, and for bathing if possible. When hands are in a bad condition do a half-hour light washing with rainwater and soap flakes and then give your hands a good cream application and massage. Rainwater is also better than pump or tap water for dishes and the wash (woolies especially).

A rough test for the purity of your pump water is to leave a jugful overnight with a teaspoonful of sugar in it. If it is cloudy in the morning you should definitely send a specimen of the pump water to be analysed.

Paraffin that has been exposed to the air, left uncorked, for instance, never burns as brightly as paraffin that has been kept perfectly air-tight.

If sewing at night and threading a



needle, hold the thread over the top of the lamp for a second and it will trim so that it is easy to thread.

If you use an oil stove, the heat from the bottom is generally inclined to be too strong, so get a large flat

tin, about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep, and fill it with sand and let this rest on the bottom rung of the oven; it will stop all burning at the bottom of cakes and dishes.

If you have a cold or any signs of a cold, slice an onion finely, sprinkle a teaspoonful of sugar on it and leave overnight—in the morning take a spoonful of the onion juice; this will clear the cold out of your system; you should take it again during the day and at night; it leaves no onion flavour in your mouth, no odour on your breath.

Be very decided about your use of the different waters at your disposal. Pump water or company's water that is laid on should generally be used for drinking, as hard water is better than soft, the one exception being the first drink of the day—make this a glass of pure rainwater as it absorbs more of the toxins in the stomach than the hard water; too much of it, however, is inclined to act too

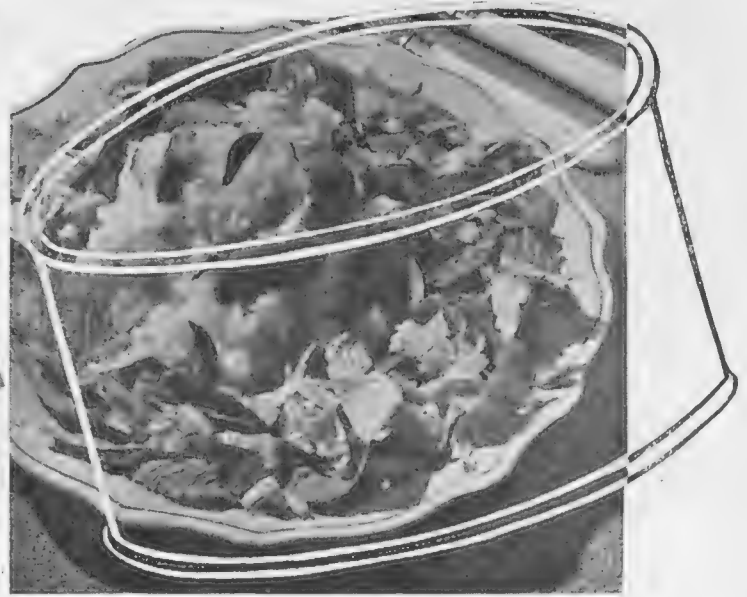
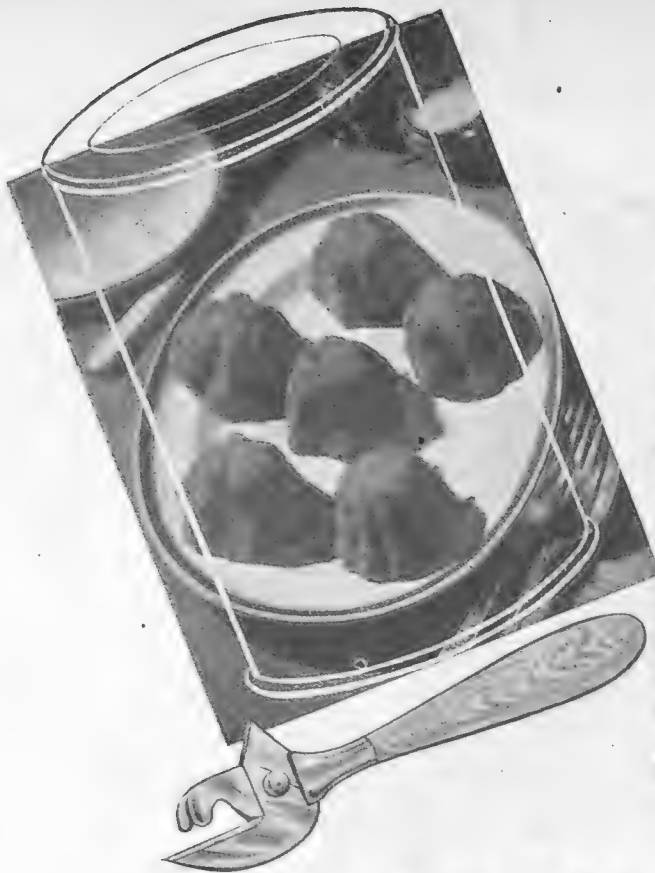
If you have a kitchen stove in a main room of the cottage you can keep it in all night by packing it tightly and then damping it down with coal dust or ashes and turning



off any draught taps. It will need to be well raked in the morning, but it will keep the room well warmed and will easily burn up brightly in the morning when raked and given more fuel.

You have plenty of fresh eggs but the dried egg is invaluable for frying fish—just mix equal quantities of flour and dried egg and roll the fish in it before putting it in the pan.





TINNED - *But Teasty*

● HERRING TART

Make a usual puff pastry with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour, 4 oz. of lard, a pinch of salt, and a little cold water. Roll out three times. Line a tart tin with the pastry and bake in a medium oven until crisp and of a golden colour. Remove, and cover the bottom with very thin slices of cheese. Place the herrings on top of the cheese and leave in a hot oven for a further 10 minutes.

● BEEF MOULDS

Cream, with a wooden spoon, the contents of a 12-oz. tin of "beef loaf" and add 8 tablespoonfuls of white sauce in which 4 eggs have been reconstituted. Fill individual moulds with the mixture, and stand them in a roasting dish of boiling water. Leave in a medium oven for 45 minutes.

● SALMON KEDGEREE

Fry 1 large chopped onion (2 leeks if onions are not available) in 1 oz. of lard, and when browned, add 1 teaspoonful of curry powder and 1 tablespoonful of flour. Mix well, and pour over $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of household milk. Bring to the boil while stirring, and then leave to simmer gently whilst cooking, for 10 minutes and in plenty of salted water; 4 oz. of rice. Remove the skin and bones from the salmon, strain the rice, and mix all together with the sauce. Serve heaped on a plate and surrounded with chopped raw cabbage heart.

Note.—Give the skin to the cat, and the bones, passed through the mincer, to the chickens.

● PILCHARD ROLLS

Bone and mash the pilchards in their own liquid (oil or tomato sauce, according to the tin chosen), and heat over a low fire. Cut the tops off as many crisp rolls as there are people and scoop out all the crumb, taking care not to pierce the walls. Fill with the fish, place the tops back into position, and heat in the oven for about 10 minutes.

This makes a good savoury to follow a farinaceous main dish.

● SPAM HASH

Peel and chop enough potatoes to fill 4 breakfast cups, and add them to 3 oz. of melted margarine. Season with salt and pepper, cover with a lid, and let cook over a low fire until soft and nicely browned. This is best done in a frying pan. When ready, add 1 cupful of milk and the same quantity of chopped

spam. Stir occasionally to prevent burning. The dish is ready for serving when the milk has been absorbed.

One Cold



SPRING SALAD

Wash and break into pieces one lettuce; place in a bowl.

Moisten 2 dried eggs with 1 dessertspoonful of anchovy essence; shape, with damp hands, into the form of a ball, and boil for 10 minutes in water. Cut into small squares when cold and add to the lettuce. Next, melt 1 dessertspoonful of lard and fry 2 or 3 cloves of finely chopped garlic until lightly browned. Add 1 teaspoonful of flour, mix well, and pour over 1 gill of milk. When boiling, remove from the flame and allow to cool before stirring in 1 dessertspoonful of vinegar. Pour this dressing over the lettuce leaves and sprinkle with crisps.

Crisps are the collection of crackly bits left in the saucepan after surplus fat has been trimmed from a joint, chopped into small pieces, melted over a low fire and strained into a clean jar.

HARRIET MUIR

● BRAISED GALANTINE

Wash really well, and put into boiling salted water 2 lb. of spinach. Only use enough water just to cover the vegetable. Fry until tender 1 cupful of chopped carrots, and mix in 1 cupful of diced galantine or brawn. Line the bottom of a greased fireproof dish with this, cover with the spinach—well-drained—and pour over $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of the vegetable water in which a meat cube has been dissolved. Margarine shavings come next, and then leave the dish in a hot oven for 10 minutes.

● MARINE PANCAKES

Having removed the skin and bones, cream the contents of a tin of salmon and mix it with one-third its quantity of mashed potatoes. Make your pancakes in the ordinary way, but slightly thicker than usual, spread them with the fish, roll, and arrange in a greased fireproof dish. Pour 1 dessertspoonful of white sauce over each pancake, cover with margarine shavings, and leave for 20 minutes in a medium oven. Serve immediately.

● INDEPENDENCE SOUFFLÉ

Put $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of noodles, spaghetti or macaroni into boiling salted water, and leave for 10 minutes. Strain, and wash in plenty of cold water, and then mix in 3 reconstituted dried eggs, 8 oz. of American sausage meat (tongue is nicer if it happens to be back on the market) chopped, and 1 cupful of white sauce. Put the whole in a greased soufflé dish and leave for $\frac{3}{4}$ hour in a medium oven.

● SARDINE ROLLS

Take any mashed potato you may have left over and weigh it. To $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. add 4 tablespoonfuls of flour and 1 dried egg (not reconstituted). Knead well, and roll out thinly but not quite as thinly as for puff pastry, on a floured board. Open a tin of sardines—two if they are the small size—mash into a paste with a fork and spread evenly over the pastry. Divide the whole into eight equal parts, rather longer than wide, roll up, pinch the ends well together with wet fingers, and fry in hot fat until crisp and brown. Serve immediately, for if reheated they are apt to go flabby.

One Hot



PIKELETS WITH SYRUP SAUCE

Mix 2 oz. flour, 2 dried eggs, 2 level tablespoonfuls dry milk, salt, 3 level teaspoonfuls baking powder, and 1 level tablespoonful sugar to a smooth batter with water, and beat well. The batter should be thicker than for a pancake, but should flow easily from the spoon. Add a few drops of lemon essence and 1 oz. of melted margarine. Next, heat a girdle, hot-plate or frying pan, and grease with a little cooking fat. Drop spoonfuls of the mixture on to the hot girdle and cook until the surface is full of bubbles; turn over and brown the other side.

As each pikelet is ready, spread thinly with syrup, keep hot, and put the next pikelet on top, sandwich fashion, and spread again with syrup. Continue thus until you have a pile. To serve, cut like a cake, and serve with syrup sauce; i.e. syrup thinned with a little hot water.

Some women know all the tricks which make for successful cooking. Their less practised sisters will find something to help them in the short list of hints given below.

Cook's Tricks

To obtain a golden colour when frying, heat your fat to boiling point over a medium flame first, and reduce the flame when adding the food to be cooked:



A bunch of fresh mint kept in your kitchen helps greatly to discourage flies.

The best tea is made in a brown earthenware pot, and coffee loses much of its flavour if it comes into contact with metal.

Never throw the paper away in which fat has been wrapped. It will serve you many times for greasing baking tins and finally for wrapping round fish to be baked in the oven.

Always test a cake before removing it from the oven, there is nothing so nasty as a soggy centre. The easiest way is to see first if the cake has shrunk away from the sides of the tin; if it has, stand a skewer in boiling water for a few seconds, wipe it on a clean cloth, and plunge it into the cake. If it comes out as clean as it went in, the cake is ready.

A silver spoon in milk will prevent it boiling over, and a heated spoon inserted into the jar will greatly reduce the risk of cracking when boiling jam is poured in. Don't forget to remove the spoon before the jam is cold or, if firmly set, some will be wasted and the nice smooth appearance spoiled.

Don't waste your precious fat by frying bacon in it; the meat has plenty of its own, and any additional is apt to prevent crispness besides spoiling the flavour.



If your joint has too much fat, don't just cook it as it is, but cut off the surplus, chop it into small pieces, melt it over a low fire and strain it into a clean jar. You will then find a collection of crackly bits left in the bottom of the saucepan. These "crisps" won't melt, so sprinkle them with salt and keep in a separate jar until wanted.

Never leave cooked food in a metal saucepan overnight if you don't want it to have an unpleasant taste.

To reduce the quantity of those smarting tears, usual when peeling onions, remove the skins over a bowl of cold water, starting at the stem and peeling downwards towards the root. On no account remove the root until the very end.

Never scour out a frying pan unless you have been cooking fish, and then do it thoroughly.



Watch Your Child's Voice

THE full rich voice which is so pleasant to listen to is not an accident, but a matter of development. Pitch and inflection are all matters of control and pronunciation or, rather, imperfect pronunciation is often associated with habits which are contracted early in life, such as immobility of the lips, moving one side of the mouth more than the other, or talking through closed teeth.

Carelessness is, of course, the commonest cause of distorted diction.

Shallow breathing is a habit which leads to a strangled voice, to loss of control over the vocal organs.

Deep breathing exercises should be as regular a part of a child's early training as cleaning the teeth. The habit of full deep breathing will come naturally with regular exercise, developing at the same time, though unconsciously, that control of the muscles and ligaments which is responsible for a golden voice.

The high-pitched voice with a rough edge is not a natural one, although it may seem to appear quite natural. It is, in fact, the result of tension of the vocal organs. A child who talks shrilly should be encouraged to speak quietly and slowly always.

Regular exercises, when old enough, in reading in a quiet, low-pitched voice, combined with free and regular breathing, also helps to produce a richer tone and a more pleasing modulation.

Elocution was once regarded as an essential part of the

SORE THROATS

Many children suffer more or less regularly from sore throat in a milder or more acute form. If the complaint seems not to develop too seriously it is often dismissed by parents as unimportant, but, in fact, a sore throat is a danger signal which should not be ignored.

Breathing through the mouth, rather than through the nostrils, is a common cause of the milder sort of throat soreness. This may not be serious in itself except as a probable warning that the habit of breathing through the mouth is an indication of infected tonsils and adenoids.

* * * *

A common cold can bring a sore throat in its train and infected teeth are a prolific source of the same trouble, but enlarged and septic tonsils are the most common source.

Septic tonsils are a real danger to health and development. They cannot always be easily detected because a painful throat condition does not always appear, though the recurring sore throat is generally an indication of poison at this point.

A doctor's opinion is well worth while if sore throats make a regular appearance.

Rheumatism in after life is often traceable to infected tonsils. Other serious complaints such as diphtheria and scarlet fever begin with inflamed throats, so never ignore these symptoms even for the shortest time.



education of the refined child. We hear much less of it now, but it is of great value still in founding control of the voice, in developing its quality, and in encouraging the habit of careful diction.

Actors and actresses study elocution because it is known that to have full control of the voice and to develop all its qualities of clarity, charm and influence it must be "produced." Elocution lessons, in the simplest form, can be started at home when the child begins to talk. This is to prevent careless habits of pronunciation which grow so fatally quickly, as well as small idiosyncrasies of tone and quality which need never arise, if a careful watch is maintained.

In checking faults of pronunciation and tone, one must distinguish between a result that is free and effortless and one which shows affectation. Constant guidance should not make the child self-conscious in forming words, only sound conscious.

If the training begins early enough and, as each new word is acquired, the child is encouraged to repeat it carefully, without slurring or snipping the beginnings and ends, a careful habit of diction is formed to last throughout life.

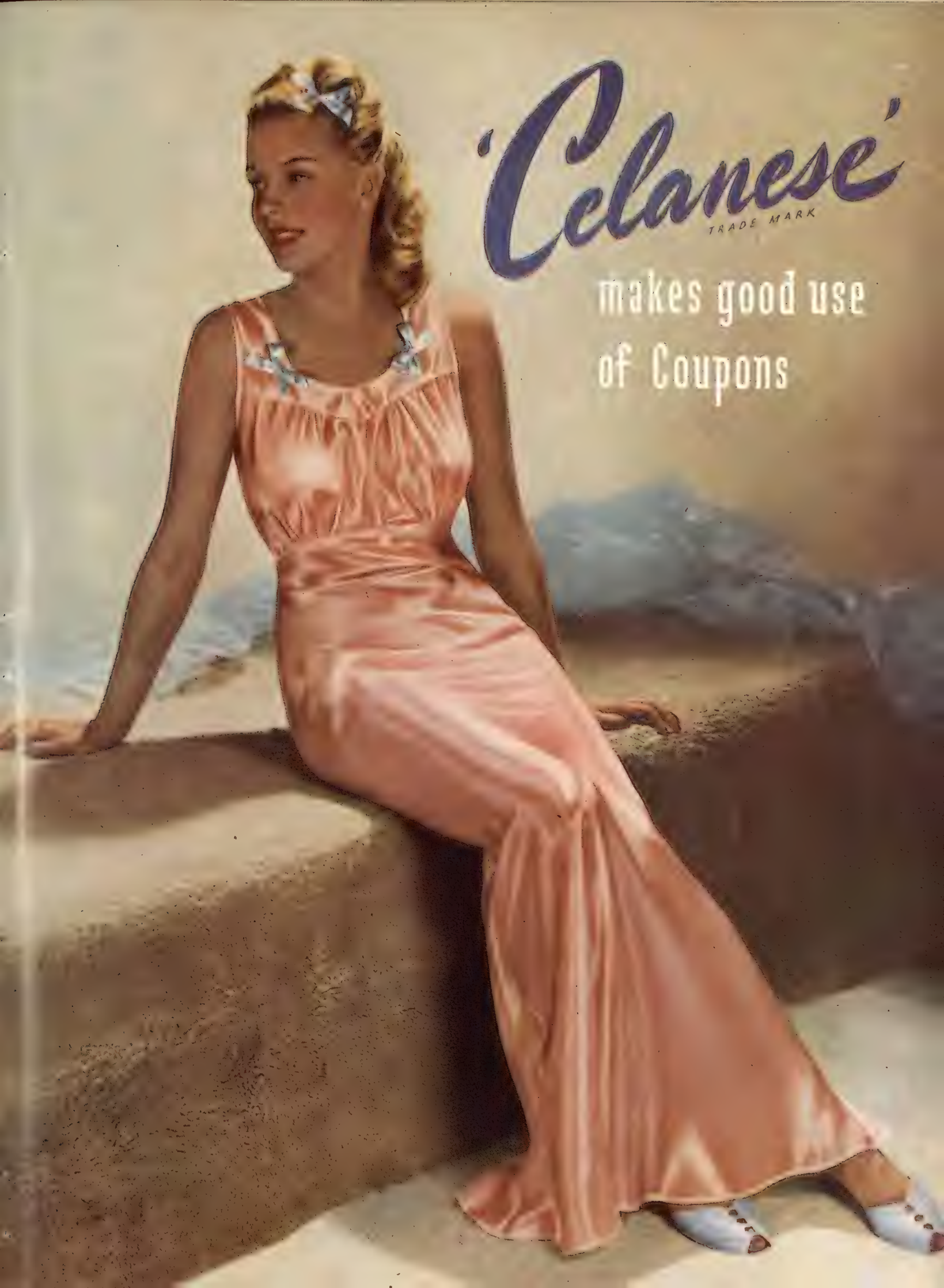
Young children are imitative. One cannot expect them to avoid mistakes which are a common part of the speech they hear around them, but if it is impossible to prevent their catching bad habits of speech, it is at least possible to check them before they are too deeply rooted.

Reading aloud under supervision is splendid practice for older children. It teaches them to impart these inflections which save a voice from monotony.

If the reading is taken steadily with special attention to the sounding of vowels and "r's" it encourages that ear for sound which makes them personally conscious of impending faults.

A little later, professional tuition in elocution can do much to improve the good work which has been started at home.

Louisa Kay

A vintage advertisement for Celanese. A woman with blonde hair styled in waves, wearing a small blue and white bow, is seated on a large, dark, textured rock. She is wearing a long, sleeveless, peach-colored dress with a ruffled neckline and a small blue and white bow at the waist. She is looking off to the side with a slight smile. The background shows a beach and the ocean under a soft, hazy sky. The text 'Celanese' is written in a large, elegant, blue script font in the upper right corner, with 'TRADE MARK' in smaller, blue, sans-serif capital letters below it. Below the brand name, the phrase 'makes good use of Coupons' is written in a white, serif font.

Celanese
TRADE MARK

makes good use
of Coupons

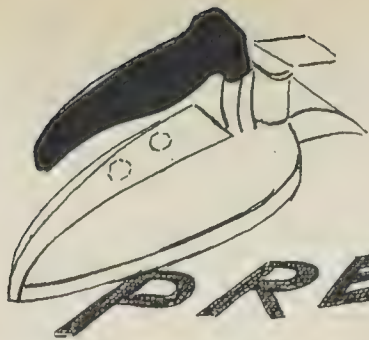
Utility Styles



by

Lotus

WE REGRET THAT IN WARTIME STOCKS
CANNOT BE GUARANTEED. CHOOSE
FROM STOCKS ON RETAILERS' SHELVES



PRESSING Problems

IRONING is something we can all do but which, in fact, few of us do really well. There is more in ironing than merely pushing an iron backwards and forwards on the surface of the material. The appearance of household linen and of clothes can be greatly improved by careful ironing and pressing, more especially now that our linen and clothes have to last so much longer.

Constant pressing of clothes is probably the soundest method of keeping them in good shape to the last. The woman who takes the trouble to press her dresses before each wearing is immaculate and well groomed in the most worn garments.

Use a damp cloth and a heavy iron for all wool and cotton garments of heavier texture. A skirt board and a sleeve board are an essential investment. Really good pressing and ironing cannot be done without them.

When pressing a dress or coat, do not move the iron about on the surface of the fabric as for ordinary laundry ironing. Using a damp cloth lift the iron from place to place and bear down on it heavily. This shrinks the fabric where it has been stretched through wear and restores the shape.

Use a thick ironing blanket for all kinds of ironing work. Bindings, double thicknesses and seams are inclined to gloss and leave marks on other parts of the fabric unless a thick padding is used underneath.

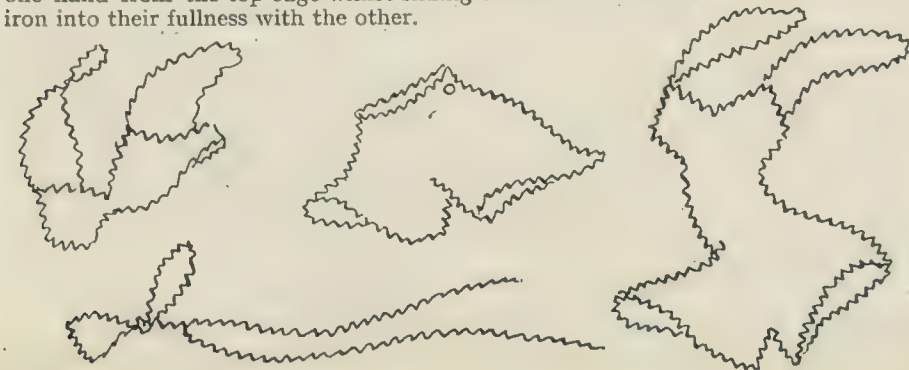
Never put heavy pressure on bindings or seams, but iron on a single thickness of the fabric wherever possible.

An iron should be used at different temperatures according to the type of fabric under treatment. Cottons require a hot iron, but flannels and wools need a cool one unless it is a made-up garment where the pressing is done over a damp cloth. Rayons need a cool iron, too, and must be dealt with when damp. Most rayons, in fact, are better ironed when they are very damp.

Rayon crêpe fabrics shrink alarmingly in the wash, but return to their original size when ironed. It is important, however, that the material should first be stretched by hand as far as possible; otherwise the effect after ironing is uneven.

Most household linen calls for a hot iron and a damp surface. Embroidery and lace insertions should be ironed damp, on the wrong side above a very thick blanket.

Ironing tucks and gathers calls for nothing more than patience. Work slowly on both, using the tip of the iron; never come down flat on gathers, but pull the gathers with one hand from the top edge whilst sliding the side of the iron into their fullness with the other.



PYORRHOEA!
4 OUT OF 5 MAY BE VICTIMS

Tender, bleeding gums are danger signs, which, neglected, lead to gum disease (Pyorrhoea). Daily use of Forhans will eradicate these gum affections—used in time, prevent them altogether.

Thousands of dentists recommend Forhans Brand Special Formula Dentifrice with its special anti-gum-infection ingredients. Don't let pyorrhoea claim you as a victim. Guard against it now—before it is too late! See your dentist, and start using Forhans today! In three sizes.

Only FORHANS Brand contains the special ingredient to prevent gum infection



"JUST BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT"...

THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD

STATE EXPRESS 555

For over half a century
STATE EXPRESS 555
have maintained their reputation
as the world's finest cigarettes.

THE HOUSE OF **STATE EXPRESS**
210, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

So lovely—
this powder



by

TATTOO

Tattoo lasts and lasts almost beyond belief. It gives a new, subtle-soft smoothness, a freshness of satin-skinned youthfulness, a transparent depth which hands a bouquet to your complexion. Tattoo clings—like a soft-textured second skin you wouldn't lose if you could—and you can't.

FACE POWDER

Four subtle shades Nude •
Flesh • Brunette • Native.
In large box 4/11 including
Tax. Also small size,
1/3 including Tax.



FOR THE NEW BABY



**Harringtons
Squares** REGD

30 x 30 only

2 Fold

Baby deserves the best! And when it's a question of Squares, the best are undoubtedly Harringtons—used and advised by Maternity Homes and Nurses as the lightest and most absorbent "nappies." No chafing or irritation. Easy to wash. Remember, too, Harringtons Square Protectors to prolong the life of your Squares, and Harringtons Baby Soap and Powder for baby's tender skin.

Harringtons Face and Bath Towels, Cot Pads, Feeders, Bibs, Washing Squares, etc., cannot be supplied at present as the Board of Trade will not allow us to use Hygienic Gauze for these lines.

Launder all Harringtons goods you are fortunate enough to have, with greatest care to make them last as long as possible—supplies are very limited today.

HARRINGTONS (LONDON) LTD.

(late of Cheapside),

329 Brighton Road, South Croydon,
Surrey

THE BEST FOR BABY

Old Tales Re-told

(Continued from page 24)

method of gaining admittance being thus explained, Rann was discharged.

As he gallantly offered his arm to Doll Frampton and prepared to leave the court, Sir John Fielding called him back and said: "The law has not caught you yet; but every one knows what you are and what you do. I advise you to change your evil course and devote your capabilities to something straight and honest." Then, with particular emphasis, he added: "Remember, Jack, there is still time!"

For quite a while after this incident it was Doll who appeared in company with the immaculate Jack, not Nellie. They were together one evening when he entered the famous dining and drinking resort known as Bagnigge Wells. He was so well known by now that many of the visitors wisely got up to leave. But he reassured them by calling out: "No fear, my friends. Stay where you are and enjoy yourselves, for I am on holiday!"

One bright morning in September 1774, a certain Dr. Bell, chaplain to the Princess Amelia, was riding along a road near Ealing. Two riders passed him, then one of them turned back and seized the bridle of his horse, demanding that he should turn over the contents of his pockets, if he did not wish to have his brains blown out. Dr. Bell hastily produced one shilling, a sixpence and a very humble watch in a tortoiseshell case, which was all that he had on him.

Never before had Jack taken such risk for such a paltry profit. Disgustedly he took the absurd booty and rode away. That same evening Nellie Roche and her servant went to pawn a watch in a tortoiseshell case. . . . The suspicious pawnbroker got into touch with the watchmaker whose name was on the case. He in turn traced it to Dr. Bell; with the ultimate result that Jack, Nellie and the servant were all arrested and brought before Sir John Fielding.

Smilingly the handsome young dandy answered smartly to every question. He had already instructed his friends to prepare a big supper party to celebrate his release. However, the instruction was a little premature. In the afternoon things began to go badly for him. Dr. Bell identified him, while another witness had seen him riding towards the spot where the robbery was committed. Two pairs of muddy riding boots were found in Nellie Roche's room that night, together with other damning evidence. There was not a straw left for the defence to cling to. Collier, Jack's companion, was found guilty but recommended to mercy and reprieved from sentence of death. Ellen Roche was condemned to fourteen years' transportation, while the servant was discharged.

When the judge came to pronounce sentence on Jack, he placed the black cap on his head. . . .

Not even that, however, caused the prisoner to blench. The only time a shadow crossed his face was when Nellie blew him a last kiss before being taken away.

During the weeks that elapsed before the end, he organized many parties in prison. Under the circumstances he was allowed a good deal of licence. On Sunday, October 23, he had seven girls in the prison to dine with him, and it is said that he was the liveliest of hosts.

His toilet for his last public appearance was particularly immaculate, and included a new set of ribbons sewn to the knees of his breeches.

Of all those who have wantonly thrown away their talents and resource in a life of wrongdoing, Jack Rann is the one who surely met the most ironical fate—for the haul that proved to end his career consisted of a cheap watch, and one shilling and sixpence.

END

Calling Rainbow Leader

(Continued from page 19)

map closely, her long slim fingers drumming on the desk. She did not turn round to answer.

"They've knocked down about twenty of them, and the rest are running for home," she said slowly.

"And our casualties?" Before Janet replied Pam suddenly knew part of the answer; she forced herself to look down at the map. There were two little symbols, close together and stationary, about four miles off the coast.

"Both the squadron leaders. But they've bailed out all right. Air-Sea Rescue are on their way out to them now. Tiger leader has a bullet in his leg," Janet finished.

"Oh," said Pam. "Oh." She tried to say something else but the words wouldn't come. Everything was suddenly standing very still, and she couldn't hear; it was like a film that had suddenly stopped running.

Then someone somehow had relieved her, and she found herself walking in the cold, damp-laden air outside the operations building. She found herself saying: "In twenty minutes I'll go back. It will take the launch fifteen minutes to go out and back; then five minutes to report. Yes, in twenty minutes I shall know whether I am ever going to see him again. In just twenty minutes. . . ."

But half an hour had gone by before she had regained sufficient control of herself to go back.

"Air-Sea Rescue have any luck?" Pam asked as casually as she could. Janet was smoking and drinking tea, still watching the board. Pam could have screamed at her.

She looked up and her eyes were strangely bright.

"They're both safe. Tiger leader has gone to hospital, but its nothing very much. Feel better now? Have some tea."

"No," said Pam slowly, "I don't want any tea. Besides we are being relieved in about five minutes."

Janet looked up at the clock as if she had never seen it before. "Yes—of course, we're

off watch in five minutes. It's been quite a morning, hasn't it?"

A fierce blind anger born of reaction surged through Pam.

"Now I know just why I dislike you so much," she said. "Two men miss death by inches and all it did to you was to stop you being bored. You—you don't feel anything! You're not controlling flesh and blood moving at six miles a minute up there—no, you're just playing an interesting game with a lot of stupid little counters on a map! Why don't you ditch some of that poise of yours and fall in love or something; let a man run his fingers through that lovely hair—do it would do you good!" Blindly she pulled out a handkerchief and blew her nose violently.

"You'll feel better after that," Janet replied gently. "But you see, Pam, if you're going to avoid getting hurt an awful lot you've got to build some sort of wall around your private feelings—especially on this job. If I seem a bit cold-blooded, well, that's the answer."

"It sounds wonderful," Pam replied, "but see how it works out with someone you really love. I—I'm engaged to the boy who was leading Rainbow squadron this morning."

Janet looked away. "I'm marrying the leader of the Tiger squadron next month," she said.

Pam suddenly felt like a stupid, hysterical little schoolgirl. If only Janet would smack her face! She couldn't think of anything to say that would not sound gauche and futile.

Then Janet was standing in front of her, smiling. "What are we staying here for?" she asked. "We're off duty now and the mess bar will be open, so let's celebrate." She took Pam by the arms. "Cheer up, darling, no one's dead, you know!"

Pam was suddenly feeling very happy. "Yes," she said, "let's celebrate. And the drinks are on me!"

END



KODAK FILM is in the Factories helping to ensure flawless aircraft parts

Illustration shows an aircraft engine cylinder head about to be X-rayed. Internal faults in the casting which might prove disastrous in operation will be revealed on the film before the part is assembled. Next time you have difficulty in getting a spool of 'Kodak' Film, remember it is because such vital work must come first.



Kodak Limited, Kodak House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

C.7E

Uniform demands

A woman demands from her uniform all those qualities she expects from tailor-made garments. We have been making good clothes for men for many years, and our customers in the women's services tell us that now they know why their menfolk have always been so enthusiastic about the Austin Reed Service.

A.T.S. Greatcoat - - £10 13 3



AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

London Telephone: Regent 6789



*When
you were
very young*

The name CHILPRUFESTOOD and still stands for the best underwear procurable. Its Protection and Durability are qualities every Mother appreciates. Now today, it is your problem and your desire to provide the same protection for your children so that they will grow healthy and happy. And so the Chilprufe tradition goes on.

This tradition has also been extended to the Utility Underwear which we are now making.

CHILPRUFE

made solely for

INFANTS AND YOUNG CHILDREN

CHILPRUFE LIMITED, LEICESTER
Governing Director, JOHN A. BOLTON

"I get so hot
under the arms"



"You should try
a Milton rinse!"



Recipe for Milton rinse—1 teaspoonful of 'Milton' in a glass of water. After washing, rinse underarms carefully. All odour will vanish. 'Milton' is a great friend to women—read the leaflet round the bottle. 'Milton' costs 8d. & 1/11½d.

Milton

THE HYPOCHLORITE
ANTISEPTIC



Whatever your war work
your complexion will look
its dainty best with just a
protective film of Dubarry
Face Powder

From Chemists and Stores **4/-** Including Tax

**DUBARRY
FACE POWDER**

GOLDSTONE LABORATORIES, HOVE, SUSSEX

OVERHEARD AT THE BENCH



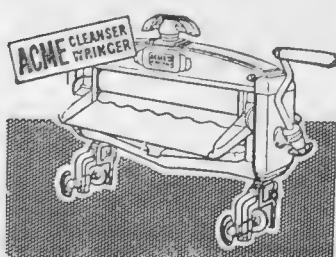
"... and I do all my own washing now, too."

"So do I, and I expect we'll have to go on with it long after the war. And I really don't mind. Thank goodness we managed to get our ★Acme before war broke out—it's amazing how easily it gets through a really big wash, and how crisp and clean everything comes out."

"You're perfectly right—fortunately I'm able to borrow a friend's."

"It's just the same with me—our Acme does for all the neighbours until they can get Acmes of their own...."

★ The Acme Cleanser Wringer fits the smallest flatlet or the largest country house—and stands up to the heaviest family wash as easily as it looks after your sheestest silks.



Combined Operations *(Continued from page 12)*

answer or acknowledgment. It was a terse message: "Out sweeps."

The signalling by blue light had furthered the sense of whispering and in due course the able seaman on the voicepipe reported: "Sweeps out, sir," as though he were disclosing a personal secret. Another quiet statement was made when a petty officer reported that the mess decks had been cleared, and locked.

That was the last preparation he could make, the captain thought. If they were going to strike a mine it would almost certainly be forward, and he did not want any one trapped below on the mess decks. He had insisted on that, and to make doubly sure that no careless sailor disobeyed his order he had arranged for them to be locked. Once again he checked over the many preparations he had made and this seemed to be the last thing he could do. Now he must deal with events as they occurred.

He could only just make out the first of the big troopships as they followed behind the minesweepers. Other ships were laying dimly lit buoys to guide the troopships through the safe channel which had been swept for them. It is always difficult, he thought, to know when you have cut loose a mine at night. But the operation orders had allowed for that. The time had been chosen so that they would be sweeping in a cross tide and any mines brought to the surface would be swept to one side by the current; clear of those troopships with their infinitely precious cargo of fighting men.

He could see now the first of the many small islands and the entrance to the bay showing up. Turn to port, turn to starboard, and, then to port again to dodge those treacherous reefs and shoals. Yes, he could see it all now quite clearly and just as he had imagined it from his many studies of the charts and the operation orders. Now they were nearly at the point where they would haul over to one side and let those troopships anchor at just the right distance from the beaches where they would not be seen from the shore.

He could see the leading sweeper hauling out and breaking off. So that was that. They'd completed the sweep of the anchorage for the troopships. Now he would haul out also, and creep towards the position assigned to him in the operation orders. Then he'd quietly lower the anchor to the bottom and get his guns trained on where the batteries were expected to be. Those batteries which dominated the "coloured" beaches. Red Beach. Blue Beach. White and Green Beaches. No thought of hoisting in the heavy minesweeping gear. Leave that out. The rattle of the winches might be heard ashore and spoil the whole show. Get the gear in at first light, when surprise had gone, all ready for sweeping another anchorage close inshore for the second wave of attackers.

The moon was getting higher, and objects on shore were becoming clearer.

The ship crept on. Engines were stopped and the anchor lowered gently to the bottom. Then he could see the big black shapes of the troopships gliding up to the anchorage he had just swept for them. Not a light. Not a sound. They must have lowered their anchors, but he heard nothing. Still they came in; big, dim shapes, like ghost ships. They were all there—he had counted over a dozen—and all as silent as the shadows in that calm, still night. It seemed as though nothing at all were happening in those stationary ships. He ordered hot soup to be issued to all hands.

The first lieutenant joined him on the bridge and they drank their soup together, glancing round all the time at those nearby islands, those beaches, and where the batteries would be. Were they discovered? Would an inferno of gunfire break out at any moment?

The forward gun's crew were in great form, with much whispering and quiet chuckles. The mess-deck comedian, who found something humorous in every situation, was in his element now and had the gun's crew gurgling with delight. Then: "My God! Look at that, Number One," said the captain, point-

ing at the grey sheet of water ahead of the big shapes.

At first, it seemed as though a cloud shadow were creeping slowly across the water. Then, when the details became clearer, it resembled a swarm of fat, black beetles moving slowly but effortlessly towards the beaches. The boats, with commandos and assault troops in them!

The whispering at the forward gun ceased as all stared at this impressive sight. On they came; it seemed in their hundreds, the very symbol of inflexible retribution. On past the sweepers, who were acting as marks to point out the beaches to them. On they came in a steady stream, and all disappeared into the shadows cast on the water by the hills.

Behind those hills was the narrow neck of land about sixteen miles wide, and then the sea again. A road crossed it, leading to the town and a harbour big enough to contain a fleet; a strongly fortified harbour whose capture was the real object of this operation. It certainly would be a difficult object to achieve from seaward on the other side. On the other hand, the commandos were at this very moment on the beaches a short distance ahead of the ship. If they could only capture the batteries defending them, then we could sweep another anchorage closer inshore, get the tanks and guns landed, pour the troops ashore, gain a bridgehead on to the road leading across the neck of land, and then there would be a very reasonable chance of taking the town and harbour fortifications in the rear. His train of thought was abruptly interrupted as a rocket from the hills soared gracefully into the air. The success signal!

They've made it! They've captured the guns! He could have danced with glee. Now things would happen with a vengeance, he thought. Looked as if the commandos had caught them completely napping. Wouldn't be surprising if they didn't man the guns during the night at all. A night landing on these beaches, with their navigational dangers, would seem to be an impossible feat of seamanship. He was correct in his surmise.

Dawn was now breaking and he could see all the details of the land and ships quite easily. The water was dotted with boats going to and fro from the troopships and the assault ships. All need for surprise was now ended, and he gave the order to get in the sweeping gear.

While he was waiting for the sweeping gear to be recovered, he considered what would be happening at this moment across the neck of land and out at sea. He could hear the sound of gunfire coming from that direction. That would be the diversion. Now that it was daylight, the Fleet Air Arm would be bombing the airfield, dropping paratroops round the town, and attacking the warships and submarines which were expected to be in the big harbour. All this action was mostly designed to delude the defenders and take their attention from the real attack which was coming in their rear from the "coloured" beaches at this very moment.

Flag signals were already flying in the leading sweeper telling him to rejoin. He was all ready now, and steamed slowly over. Further signals were made by light informing him that seventeen mines had been cut by the other sweepers during the night sweep.

After a few more flag signals they were all formed up and sweeping commenced. As they moved on, towing their sweeps, the destroyers closed in through the narrow swept channel nearer to the shore. They were eager to give any assistance from their guns which the Army might require.

It was getting on for midday when he saw that things were not going well with the leading sweeper. A mine had detonated in her sweep and parted the gear. She hauled out of line. This left his ship the only one now sweeping as similar troubles had occurred with the other sweepers. Right, he'd carry on alone, and this was confirmed by signal from the leading sweeper.

Back and forth he went, and still the mines came up. Ten, twelve, fifteen. The destroyers and the other sweepers were now fully occupied in trying to sink *(Continued on page 56)*

THE SMITH FAMILY

No. 3
The Gunsmith



The skill of the master craftsman who, before the war, built the best sporting guns, is devoted now to producing other weapons: the gunsmith is on war work.

So, too, are the newspaper, book and stationery "Smiths" —the men and women (and boys and girls) who meet the public's everyday reading and writing requirements at 1500 W. H. Smith bookshops and bookstalls. It is a tribute to their loyalty and resourcefulness that after more than four years of service under war conditions they have retained the goodwill of Smith's customers, and the reputation of the firm stands higher than ever.

In the fields of wartime business and public morale, the staff of W. H. Smith & Son is doing vital national work, for newspapers, magazines, books, library service, stationery, printing, bookbinding and press advertising all have their place in the war effort, and cannot easily be done without.



W. H. SMITH & SON

BRITAIN'S BIGGEST BOOKSELLERS

1,500 Branches. Head Office: W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd., Strand House, W.C.2



So many uses for OXO and how easy it makes war-time cooking—it adds body as well as rich, beefy flavour.



★ SEND TODAY for 'Rationtime Recipes,' the new OXO cookery booklet, enclosing one penny stamp.
Dept. S • OXO LIMITED • THAMES HOUSE • LONDON E.C.4



beautiful pure
round wool
of pre-war
quality

GIVE YOUR TEETH A SHINE WITH

Gibbs
DENTIFRICE

7¹/₂^d

REFILLS 7d & 11d
(Including Purchase Tax)
Prices U.K. only.

**NO
MESS
NO WASTE**
*the last brushful
is as
effective as the first.*

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.C.4. GD 236 B

SYMPTOMS OF THE MENOPAUSE

(Change of Life)

Frequently the first symptom experienced by women approaching the Menopause is that of "Hot Flushes of the Face and Neck," but there are many others, often more difficult to distinguish because of their similarity to ordinary health disturbances, therefore women between 40-50, troubled with any of these signs are, if anxious, advised to consult their doctor. Some of the more usual of these symptoms are:

"Nerves," Giddiness, Palpitation, Headaches, Ear Noises, Insomnia, "Pins and Needles," Sudden Obesity, Itching, etc.

MENOPAX

is an up-to-date medicine for such conditions prescribed by doctors.

Prices: 5/7½ and 11/3.

Menopax tablets are obtainable without prescription from chemists. An interesting book "The Crisis in a Woman's Life," dealing with the symptoms of the Menopause, may be obtained on request from most chemists, or sent for 3d. in stamps by—

Clinical Products Ltd., 23b Thames House,
2 The Green, Richmond, Surrey

them. Then his ship struck a submerged mine.

He vaguely remembered someone undressing him. That might be true as he was lying in a bed. Taking stock of things, he first realized that he had a violent headache, and a strong desire to giggle. That desire proved irresistible, and he gave vent to quiet little giggles; completely inane little giggles, and he realized how absurd they sounded, but he couldn't prevent them. How ridiculous; especially as someone was talking earnestly to him. He must control himself, and pay attention to what was being said. It was difficult, but he tried hard. Snatches of conversation drifted to him. "Examined you—old man—nothing broken—concussion—old man—head—rest—old man—nothing broken—old man—" He found it difficult to concentrate as he couldn't understand what was wrong with his eyes. Heavens! He was cross-eyed! This made him want to giggle again, but the sound of that giggle braced him to a determined effort to control himself. "What happened?" he asked, quite distinctly this time. "Your ship struck a mine," came the reply. That brought his

On Duty—And Off

(Continued from page 33)

complexions should be the blue-red type ranging from blush pink to the magentas. In the Latin woman the tone becomes a faint blue-green, but whether fair or dark the undertone for these complexion types is bluish, and therefore the lipsticks and rouges should be of the bluish-red type. The third type of complexion is neutral, neither blue blood nor creamy yellow tones predominating. This is the real rachel type, with the complexion tone a cool beige. This skin needs vivid red rouges and lipsticks.

Rouge Hints from American Experts. Rouge, when cleverly placed, can mould a face in the most becoming way. For instance, to make a round face slender and minimize a double chin, apply the rouge well back on the cheekbones and blend outwards more heavily towards the hair-line. To give width to a narrow face and conceal shadows apply

mind to crystal clarity. He had to steel himself to ask about casualties, but with infinite relief he heard that all were alive, although there were some wounded. The wounded would all recover eventually, he heard.

The doctor assured him that he would be quite all right again after a few weeks rest. The doctor was right.

He heard of the progress of the action, hour by hour. It was intensely exciting. He heard of the magnificent air attacks, knocking out the airfield and enemy planes, sinking warships and causing other enemy ships to scuttle themselves. He heard of the bombardment from the sea; of the bitter fighting on land; of the capture of the forts and gun positions round the harbour; of the magnificent effort of the Navy's partner, the Royal Marines; of the final surrender after about forty-eight hours' fighting. There had been setbacks, and at one moment the situation was precarious. But all the objects had been achieved. The operation orders had been carried out.

END

the rouge in the centre of the cheeks slightly downward to the hollows, keeping the colour away from the nose. To rouge high cheekbones and soften angles apply rouge sparingly on the cheekbones but more heavily in the hollows underneath. Bring it up towards the ears and temples.

Here are some well-known lipstick tricks. For the perfect mouth follow the shape of the upper lip, roll the lipstick from the outer corner under the lip towards the centre, press lips together, imprinting the colour on the lower lip, and blend well in with your fingertip. To make lips softer and fuller apply lipstick on lower lip as well as upper, extending it a trifle below the natural contour. To make lips less conspicuous apply lipstick to the centre of the lips only. Blend well with the fingertips and keep the lipstick well away from the edges of the lips.

END

Middle Age Can Do

(Continued from page 16)

had been none of them, no States could exist at all." But I fail to see why other age-groups should accept Youth's claim to a preponderant say in the shaping of the future until much more evidence is forthcoming that it possesses the insight, balance, tact and judgment which emanate only from experience, save in freak cases.

I refute the claim that Youth bears no responsibility for this war, as I refute the easy assumption that the future, the post-war era, belongs, one would think exclusively, to the younger age-groups. I think it is a poisonous doctrine, put out usually by elderlies with something on their consciences or axes to grind. To listen to some of them, one would imagine that those of middle age—by which I mean thirty-five to fifty-five—are a lot of used-up specimens with little more to contribute in the second halves of their lives, and a fast diminishing right to assert their views and requirements.

Inherent in this premature and impudent disposal of a generation on the dust heap, is the argument that it had its chance to find the Better Way after the last war, but proved itself a wash-out. Let those who fight a war like the last one was, on land particularly, wait and see what it does to them when peace comes round. But, that aside, it is high time the fallacy were dealt with, that the fifty-year-olds of to-day did nothing in the 'twenties towards hewing a more habitable world. On the contrary, if it hadn't been for the way many of them exposed the evils of the time, to-day's Youth would not be in the advanced position it is, to challenge forces now much less certain of themselves than a generation ago.

A juster criticism would be that not enough of that post-war generation roused themselves

to take a view beyond their own garden gates. But lots did, and I say they are the men and women whose helping hands should be firmly grasped by the under-thirty-fives. If Common Wealth's young Hugh Lawson really did say that any one over forty is too old for public life, he does not exceed the sense displayed by Captain Harold Balfour who, in advocating openings of administrative authority for young ex-Servicemen, came out with: "Age must inevitably and everywhere give place to youth."

What age? And that "everywhere"!

I hope for its own sake, and for other people's, that Youth goes into a huddle about looking down its nose at older folk on the strength of any such flattery as the above. We got much the same in our young day, though the air war, being all youth's, causes the lauding to be laid on with a trowel this time. Yet it cannot be too often said that the qualities that excel in war, such as a one-purpose crusading intolerance, are not those that bring home the bacon in peace and it is a shame to kid Youth about it.

If Youth were to run this country, bloomer would follow bloomer in crescendo style, in home and foreign affairs. There simply wouldn't be the savvy, but mostly a lot of crude cleaving. We should stand about as much chance on the chief job ahead, that of probing and removing the real causes of war, as—well, as a salmon stands in the Sahara. Youth may think itself very clever, but let it wait until it gets up against a sly old fellow like Briand—not that he wasn't a man of good sense—or Lloyd George in his prime, by which I mean the fifties.

After the next general election, I should not be surprised to see as many as 150 new M.P.s of forty and (Continued on page 58)

*"That's
what I like . . .*



Huntley & Palmers Biscuits"

Now available only in London, Southern, South Western and South Wales Food areas.



TWICE on Sundays?

Bobby smartens himself up and tries to make up for week-day failings by giving his teeth a "double clean" on Sunday. But the practice is most unsound because teeth care *must* be regular. In the rush of our busy work-a-day week, we must avoid Bobby's error. To keep acid at bay you need to clean your teeth thoroughly, morning and night, with Phillips' Dental Magnesia. This toothpaste contains *'Milk of Magnesia,' recommended by dentists to combat acid in the mouth.

1/1d. and 1/10d. Sold everywhere.

RETURN EMPTY TUBES TO THE CHEMIST.



* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia

Britannia & Eve for April, 1944

THE PACKS YOU KNOW



THE NEW PACK



COTY explains and warns

We owe you an apology. We have had to change the "Air Spun" war-time pack once again. The famous "Powder-Puff" design can no longer be produced for lack of material and labour. For a time you may see coty "Air Spun" in any of the packs above illustrated, but please beware of being offered "Air Spun" in any other form of pack than those illustrated above, or even loose by weight, which can only be an imitation.

	Including Tax
(1) Refill of "Air Spun"	2/3
(2) Box with War Pack "Powder-Puff" design	2/6
(3) New War Pack with plain cream background	
in two sizes 2/6 & 4/9	

Coty "AIR SPUN"
The Powder That Stays On



Sigh no more, lady. The fruits of victory will include a plentiful supply of lovely, clinging Aristoc. Meanwhile we are making the best possible war-time stockings—Aristoc Utility—and a few Raystoc and Aristile. Supplies are limited, but fair shares are distributed to all Aristoc dealers.

FINE GAUGE FULL-FASHIONED STOCKINGS



"Thank goodness Hotpoint are going to make life easier after the War."

POST WAR

Hotpoint

ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

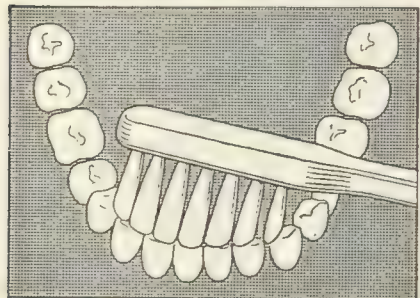
will be better than ever!

The Hotpoint Electric Appliance Co. Ltd.
Head Office: 24 Newman St., London, W.1

Ht. 4C04



To sweep a chimney you must have a brush that will reach



To clean teeth thoroughly you must have a Tek to reach every part of every tooth

MADE IN ENGLAND
Tek TOOTHBRUSH

BRISTLES 2/- Plus Purchase Tax 5P
NYLON 1/6 Plus Purchase Tax 4P

Made and guaranteed by JOHNSON & JOHNSON
(Gt. Britain) Ltd., Slough and Gargrave

T.13

under, men and women, mostly Independents, Common Wealth, Liberals and further Left. That is, provided election expenses are reduced in time. Should my estimate prove anywhere near correct, I shall watch, as a test case, what they have to say about the political perils of the Air Age.

Then there's local government at home. Here is another field crying out for fresh intervention. It is perfectly astounding, the hold that senile killjoys have over the leisure and pleasure of Britons. All they have to do is to get elected to town or rural councils and whatnot. They then proceed to ban what does not happen to tally with their sanctimonious doctrine. Yet these people are not really living! They are preparing all the time for their winding-sheet in the dreariest, most abject surrender. The one force in them is that which forbids others doing what they think isn't "right."

Why tolerate any longer this puritanical buncombe, which, incidentally, has done us no good with Allies here? Why doesn't Youth chip in on those councils and have a much better and saner time, in consequence,

Books: (Continued from page 41)

helps to make them see sense in the march of progress. A sound tale, deftly characterized—welcome relief from present sorrows.

After Fenland floods, a Derbyshire snow-storm that paralyses farming, buries sheep and cattle, holds up milk deliveries. . . . Mr. Crichton Porteous's "The Snow" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) is just the shivery story of a farmer's fight with something even more elemental than war, for "wars come and go, but there were snows and farming before that, and there'll be snows and farming after this war." The A.A. searchlight in a nearby field, and all it symbolizes, might be a candle by contrast. . . .

IN Miss Bridget Chetwynd's "High Mountains" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) we cross to Wild Wales, where spring tides come right up the valley, and consider how those mountains absorb and dominate all who belong to them—like Priscilla Evans and her twin brother Wyn. Suburban Fay Trent, however, who marries Wyn, is not of their kind. "It's my fault, I know, if we haven't progressed, towards each other," Wyn tells her—but too late to avert tragedy. A quiet, sensitive study of incompatibility in a family background drawn intimately.

A COUNTRY doctor's family and the domestic drama caused by a "poison-pen" letter to the wife make the slender story of Mr. Reynier Barton's "Word Without End" (Chapman & Hall, 8s. 6d.). The relationship between the Laceys and their three children is delightfully implied, and there is delicious by-play between grown-up Jennifer and her mother, on the subject of birth. A most likeable novel.

PICTURE the arrival, at a staid nursing home for elderly crocks, of a slick young airman's wife who says of the coming event: "We call the baby Typhoon or Typ because they're the very newest bombers in the air, and so noisy too!" and invites some of the boys along for a bedside drink "just to wish the baby luck and keep the gremlins away." Eve Orchon is the high-spot of Lady Peck's "Tranquillity" (Faber, 7s. 6d.), which describes a day and raid night in the lives of its patients and the three sisters who run it. One wonders which was the greater upheaval, Eve or the bombs. The impact is interpreted with shrewd humour.

SUPERIOR critics extend to Vicki Baum the lofty patronage usually accorded popular best-sellers. She should worry. "Once in Vienna" (Bles, 8s. 6d.), an earlier novel, will please thousands because—well, it is about Old Vienna, and music, and love, and perhaps one should say loves in the case of Rassiem, the romantic tenor, who really wants to adore his divorced *diva* wife, only idolizing young pupils at the Conservatoire will keep falling for him on the top note. A period-piece warmly coloured, glamorously lit, ably presented. Thanks for the memory. . . .

TO pass to Mr. La Selle Gilman's "The Golden Horde" (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.)

Middle Age Can Do

all round the country? It isn't as if religion entered into it. There's no lack of the real substance of that, especially among Youth. "I have found my contemporaries most sincere in their religious beliefs, each usually following a line definitely his own," writes Squadron Leader Boothby of Horsham after eight years in the R.A.F. In fact, as a famous Frenchman observed: "*La religion c'est la silence à minuit.*"

It is time to gather up the threads. Let Youth shift that caucus-or cactus out of the way and not mix the job up with a general arraignment of its seniors. It will need the mature minds of the middle-aged and the wisdom and reflection of age. And, by the way, I'm not standing for anywhere, not even for one of those town councils. Wholly without ambition or reforming zeal, I propose at the earliest opportunity to retreat to a mountain-side and learn to milk a goat. Like that, I'll have a job suitable to age when the next war comes round. By that time Youth should have fitted jet propulsion to perambulators.

END

is to leave the civilized for the primitive—a Russian officer's exploits among the savage mountains and deserts of Asia, his discovery of a plan of conquest like that of the great Genghiz Khan, his pursuit of the chieftain's lovely daughter, Princess Tsinilla, who reminded him of "a little falcon, keenly alive, watchful and still." Movement is swift, native background terrific, adventure breath-taking; and you travel while you thrill.

IT is remarkable the number of people who dream of buying an old country inn and settling down; an editor friend of mine has been training for it, with his right elbow, for years. Hugh Merrow, in Mr. Richard Keverne's "The Lady in No. 4" (Collins, 8s. 6d.) bought "The Black Boy" at Wilford, but did not bargain for No. 4 being found drowned in circumstances that pointed to suicide, but turned out to be murder connected with a well-indexed blackmailing racket. This is a thirsty thriller, being about a lovely old pub with pre-war beer. . . .

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers:—

"Reward for Treason," by T. C. H. Jacobs (Stanley Paul, 8s. 6d.). A story of scientific detection, romance and adventure.

"Strictly Confidential," by Eliot Crawshaw-Williams (John Long, 9s.). A novel, in which the history of certain cases put before a professional adviser, who set up a bureau to which any person in need of sympathetic and astute counsel could appeal, are dealt with.

"Ho! or How it all Strikes Me," by Denis Mackail (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). The author meditates in his amusing fashion on the minor problems of writing in wartime.

"The World of the Four Freedoms," by the Hon. Sumner Welles (Hutchinson, 5s.). These selected addresses are an authoritative and eloquent statement of the goals America fights for and the steps necessary for her to attain them.

"Saplings," by S. M. Child (John Long, 8s. 6d.). A novel dealing with the emotional problems of four young people.

"Lobster Post," by Frank Stafford (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d.). A nautical thriller.

"The Long Day Ends," by Flora Sandstrom (Cassell & Co. Ltd., 8s. 6d.). A dramatic story of the life of a girl among the unconventional men and women of artist Chelsea.

"Your Village and Mine," by C. H. Gardiner (Faber & Faber, 7s. 6d.). An informative and revealing book by a genuine countryman who goes to the heart of things.

"Now Yours—Now Mine," by Elisabeth Margetson (Ward Lock & Co., 8s. 6d.). A novel of the lives of two sisters.

"Prophet by Experience," by Jack Iams (Rich & Cowan, 8s. 6d.). More laughs created by this American author.

"Food without Fuss," by Josephine Terry (Faber & Faber, 4s. 6d.). Two hundred new recipes and a few thoughts.

END

A woman with her hair styled in a bun, wearing a black dress with a gold necklace and bracelet, is looking at a dark-colored shoe she is holding. She is standing in front of a large, ornate gold mirror. The mirror's frame is highly decorative with scrollwork and floral patterns.

Reflected Beauty

*.....expressed in every
line and contour*

The suave grace of Dolcis Shoes
—their excellent quality and fit
will make them your final choice



PARK LANE
MODEL

All Dolcis Stores
are open during
normal shopping
hours at their
customers' service.

THERE IS A

Dolcis

SHOE STORE IN EVERY LARGE TOWN

What, no Placket!



No lady, *no placket*, not an opening of any kind for undergarments to peep through. The "ZWOW" pocket is the answer to the conundrum. It replaces the old fashioned placket, and gives you a neat waist fastening with no buttons or metal gadgets to protrude and spoil the "line" over the hips. In short, another reason for your insisting upon "GOR-RAY" Skirts. Drapers and stores stock them in a variety of styles.

All the better for the **Zwow** Pocket

Issued by: C. STILLITZ, ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA, WARWICKSHIRE



Skirts

LOOK FOR THE
'GOR-RAY'
LABEL ON THE
WAISTBAND

Scientific

Exit The Harem (Continued from page 42)

rule. In rural and agricultural districts—in the province of Anatolia, for instance—women still do as much heavy work on farms, fields and vineyards as do the men, or rather more.

Also, there still tends to be, in some respects, a certain segregation of the sexes (but so there is in our own country; what about club life?); a habit of strictly feminine gatherings must necessarily be ingrained; even in the sophisticated and cosmopolitan "set" a favourite pursuit is the prolonged tea party, with its lavish accompaniment of very sweet cakes and coffee, lasting from four in the afternoon until eight or nine o'clock at night. It is true that males are not excluded from these festivities, but they are a minor part of the entertainment, which consists primarily of an uninterrupted flow of feminine chatter.

Where the women of Turkey are really beginning to make their influence most felt is in the realm of taste and culture, fashion and the home. Since their interests were, in the past, perforce confined to the home sphere, this seems a truly logical development. A particularly good example of this trend is afforded by a new and sumptuously produced Turkish woman's illustrated magazine, *Kadin Ev* (the title itself means Woman and the Home), which is partly a fashion paper, partly an example of inspirational ideas for home and domestic life in general. Sponsored by Turkey's Minister of Education, *Kadin Ev* reflects a startlingly civilized and chic clothes sense, worthy of favourable comparison with pre-war-Paris elegance, and a standard of modern good taste which is refreshing to our war-jaded eyes. Typically Turkish details—traditional and elaborate embroideries, Zouave inspired jackets, billowing sleeves and wide cummerbunds, are incorporated into dress designs of the type with which the women of London and New York are familiar, blending the best of two worlds and adapting fashion to suit Turkish beauty to its greatest advantage (the women of Turkey have a very definite type of good looks: high-lighted

dark hair, lustrous, heavily lashed large eyes and strongly marked features).

In his preface to the first number of *Kadin Ev*, the Minister of Education, Hasan-Ali Yucel, stresses what has been hinted at in this article: that the women of a nation have as large a part to play in the development of that nation's civilization as do the men, and that the education of women is a very necessary and important step forward—as indeed it is.

It may be argued that only a comparatively small number of Turkish women, those belonging to the highly educated, leisured, cosmopolitan world, are in a position to wield this influence—but that is the same everywhere. Fashion in the United States and in England, for instance, invariably emanates from a small group of leaders. One has only to consider the effect on the masses of a handful of film stars as regards hairdressing and make-up; of the highly priced dress designers and "high-life" fashion periodicals, to realize the truth of this. Apart from this influence through example, everything is being done to develop and educate feminine fashion-consciousness and good taste in Turkey. Girls' institutes and evening schools and classes have been established all over the country for the purpose of encouraging the growth of home craft in all its branches. One of Istanbul's most famous couturiers was trained in London and designs his models in the best English tailoring tradition, since our tweeds and tailored clothes are appreciated by the well-dressed Turkish woman. In this connection, it will be remembered that a representative collection of specially designed models was sent out to Izmir Fair in Smyrna by the leading London fashion houses last year.

That old adage "Woman's place is in the home" may have been done to death in the Turkey of the old régime, when women were allotted no place *but* the home; it is interpreted to the best advantage in the new Turkey of to-day.

END

The Home of Christendom

(Continued from page 15)

argument the stern apostle gives way and allows his foot to be washed. The water which has washed the apostles' feet is looked upon as sacred and this is sprinkled on the frenzied crowd by means of a nosegay.

All the other communities have a similar service, interesting for some particular characteristic. The Abyssinians, for instance, hold theirs under a tent and preserve the original most effectively, the Patriarch washing in a thoroughgoing manner the feet of twelve of his black monks.

Perhaps the most spectacular event of Holy Week is the so-called Miracle of the Holy Fire which takes place on the Saturday. Though the ceremony is essentially a rite of the Orthodox Greek Church, the other communities take part in it.

At the appointed time the Armenian Patriarch, in crown and robes of office, attended by his clergy, makes a circuit of the Sepulchre. He is followed by the Moslem guardian of the church who, in the presence of Greek and Armenian priests, exercises his traditional privilege of sealing the door of the tomb. Ever since Jerusalem was lost to Saladin by the Crusaders the keys of the church have been in the possession of an old-established Moslem family. The sealing is done by tying the handles of the door in a bow of white ribbon and sealing them with wax.

The tomb having been sealed the Greek Patriarch appears from the adjoining Greek Cathedral and encircles the Sepulchre three times, coming to a halt before the closed door. Standing here he is disrobed of crown and vestments when, in due solemnity, he breaks the seal and enters the tomb accompanied by the Armenian Patriarch. After a hush there is a great shout as a priest withdraws his arm from a hole in the side of the Sepulchre,

holding a lighted torch. A similar flame is also hauled out from a hole on the opposite side. Then the Greek Patriarch emerges from the entrance, also carrying the holy flame. The appearance of these lighted torches is greeted with cheering, shouting, the clapping of hands and the ringing of bells as the excited crowd press forward eager to light their tapers from the supposed Pentecostal flame.

PERHAPS the strangest of all the festivals is the Searching for the Body by the Abyssinians. Wearing a crown and dressed in robes of barbaric splendour the Abyssinian Patriarch makes a circuit round their little chapel above the ancient dome of St. Helena's Chapel under a ceremonial umbrella accompanied by his black monks. Hymns are chanted to the accompaniment of the beating of heavy wooden drums and the tinkle of sestras, ancient rattles, not unlike those found in the tomb of Tutankhamen. Round and round the procession passes. At first it is grave, then suddenly there is much shouting, cries of jubilation and dancing. They are not exactly meaningless gesticulations, for these black men from Africa have been searching for the Body of Christ to discover with great joy that He has risen.

Whatever may be one's opinion concerning these Easter ceremonies in the great Cathedral Church of the Holy Sepulchre, one has to admit that the admixture of western and eastern forms of worship, the enthusiasm, devotion and reverence displayed by the worshippers, coupled with the great world drama which the building and its numerous holy places so graphically records, singles the ceremonies out as unique, and for this very reason they never fail to grip the imagination.

END



Peggy Sage regrets

... that she can no longer make or sell her famous nail polishes, because many of their ingredients are needed for sterner tasks. When the war is won, Peggy Sage polishes will, of course, be once more available. In the meantime there are limited supplies of Peggy Sage

Paste Polish • Cuticle Remover • Cuticle Oil
Cuticle Cream • Gardenia Liquid Hand Cream
Hand Smoother and Softener • Hand Mask
Hand Massage

and the Salon remains open to solve the war-time manicure problems of its many clients.

Peggy Sage

FINGER-TIP SPECIALIST

SALONS

LONDON: 130 NEW BOND ST., W.1
Corner of Grosvenor Street. Telephone MAYFAIR 0396
NEW YORK: 50 EAST 57TH STREET



Lieut.-Colonel,
Goldstream
Guards.

For Extra Smartness
the shoes of more
& more officers are
being polished with

NUGGET
BOOT POLISH

SUPREME for QUALITY

IN BLACK, & DARK BROWN.

USE SPARINGLY—
THE SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED

N/KC

Do YOU know these facts?

Venereal diseases—syphilis and gonorrhoea—destroy health, endanger life, wreck happiness, ruin careers, injure innocent people, and imperil the future of the race. Only by knowing the facts about these loathsome diseases, can we all help to check the spread of them.

How Venereal Disease is caught. In adults, almost always through sexual intercourse with a person who has the disease; the risk of catching it in any other way—from a 'seat' or a glass or any ordinary contact in lodgings or at work—is almost nil. Professional prostitutes are not the only spreaders of these diseases; anyone who has sexual relations with a casual acquaintance risks picking up venereal disease. Clean living is the one certain safeguard.

Syphilis. Syphilis is a killing disease. If not treated early, skilfully and completely it can cause death or total disablement from heart disease, paralysis and insanity. Unless an infected mother is given skilled treatment early in pregnancy, she can pass on syphilis to her unborn child causing it to be born dead, or to die early, become blind, deaf, or mentally defective.

Gonorrhoea. Gonorrhoea, though not so dangerous, is more serious than is generally believed, and may cause arthritis, chronic ill-health, and—in both men and women—inability to have children.

V.D. can be cured if treated early by a specialist doctor; quack or self-treatment is useless and may be disastrous.

A specialist's advice and treatment are **FREE** at any V.D. clinic: any doctor will give the addresses, which are also posted in public conveniences. There is usually no need to stay away from work during treatment—clinics open in the evening.

Treatment is **CONFIDENTIAL**. Disappearance of early symptoms does not necessarily mean a cure; only a doctor can say when treatment may be stopped.

Anyone who suspects he or she has caught V.D. should seek skilled medical treatment **AT ONCE**.

These are the signs: The first sign of syphilis is a small ulcer on or near the sex organs; it appears from 10—90 days—usually three or four week—after infection. Gonorrhoea first shows itself as a discharge from the sex organs, and usually appears from 2 to 10 days after infection.

FURTHER INFORMATION IN CONFIDENCE can be obtained from your local Council's Health Department, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock Square, W.C.1 enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and Central Council for Health Education. (VD 25-19)



Marshal Stalin Steps Out

(Continued from page 13)

(five of the sixteen date from 1940 and represent forcible incorporations), how many more small states will he persuade or force to join his gigantic Union, which already stretches from the Gulf of Finland to the North Pacific?

The Nazis smashed, will he join Britain, America and China in the effort to drive Japan behind her 1894 frontiers? If the Chinese civil war worsens on the departure of the Japs, will he aid the Communists against Chiang Kai-shek and Chiang's capitalist backers, as he backed the Spanish Leftists against Franco and the German and Italian fascists?

And some more.

All these mesh into the single question of how the pull of Stalin's powerful and growing Socialist Union, sprawled athwart North Asia and a third of Europe, will affect the British world-girdling empire, the Americans, and West Europe, old, cultured, disunited, soaked in the blood of endless wars.

There are clues in the guessing game. One lies in the growth of British and American power, which will not be lost when this war ends. Another is provided by the rise of air power and the world highway system, which has shifted the "world heartland" of the Mackinder-Haushofer *geopolithers* from European Russia to a point where one State, no matter how large, cannot conquer or wield world power, although a coalition could. A third is found in Stalin himself, the sort of man he is; for the Soviet Union will roll into the future along the path he carves out.

If we had known more about Stalin in the past, little of what has happened in Russia between the civil and the global wars would have surprised us: for he is the key to the whole pattern. We know more about him now. He leads a regular life and is never sick: a great advantage. He has been twice married, but has never led a family life. He is very fond of his daughter by his second marriage, never sees his engineer son by his first marriage.

He is very strong, works fifteen and eighteen hours a day, often looks tired, but surprises visiting potentates by his vodka-consuming capacity and ability to endure five or seven hours of a barbaric banquet. Ambassador Joseph E. Davies, talking to him for two hours in the summer of '38, was surprised to find him a man of simple dignity, with a gentle and kindly brown eye. Davies also found that Stalin has a sly humour, a sharp and shrewd mentality, and is "above all things else, wise."

In Paris in 1928, when I was gathering material for an article on Stalin, an old Russian socialist who had been with him in the Bialowsk jail, after the 1905 rising, and in 1912 met him again at Naryn in Siberia, told me some stories which may be apocryphal but are still illuminating. Sosa Dzugashvili was known as "Koba" then, a thin, sharp-featured young man, active in organizing group discussions and meetings. He always had a book under his arm. He astonished the comrades by his prodigious memory. He was imperturbable. On an execution night, when all the others were excited, he slept soundly.

One of the prisoners had been with "Koba" in the seminary years before. "Koba" had organized a secret socialist group. Detected, he was expelled. So were all the others. But how had all been found out? Could "Koba" have betrayed them? They got on to him. He cheerfully admitted it. He had given the rector a list of their names. But, why? "Because now you can't enter the ministry, and you'll remain good socialists, and work with us." They did not hold the betrayal against him.

With Stalin, the end justifies the means. Stalin was in his middle thirties when the desperate Ludendorff, ready to risk anything to transform the two-front into a one-front war, shipped his bolshevik-bacilli bomb into Russia in a sealed train. It was short-sighted strategy. The Hitlerite Germans are now

getting the blow-back. But at the time the High Command's eye was on Lenin, Trotsky and company, advocates of world proletarian revolt. It missed Stalin, the formidable nationalist. He was the man nobody knew.

Stalin had learnt all about guerrilla fighting prior to 1917. Now, he put himself through War School. Trotsky was War Minister, advised by the Tsarist General Tuchachevsky (whom Stalin was to shoot in the 1937-1938 purge); Stalin, as roving political commissar, charted the strategy of three campaigns.

The first broke the eastern and northern assault of Yudenich, backed by Mannerheim's White Guards, the British Fleet supporting. The second smashed the autumnal southern attack of Denikin's army, and the new diversionary drive of Yudenich on Leningrad, the British Fleet again supporting the Whites. The third, waged between the spring and autumn of 1920, finished off Denikin, drove back Pilsudski's Poles (who had swept into the Ukraine and captured Kiev) whence they came, and put Baron Wrangel's forces to rout.

In the course of this fighting between 1918 and 1920, Stalin, with the former N.C.O. Voroshilov, organized the defence of Tzaritzin and held the city, after Tuchachevsky had become nervous and advised withdrawal, and Trotsky had given the order. Tzaritzin was renamed Stalingrad.

If you try to chart all the episodes and cross-currents of the world crisis between the two world wars, you find yourself looking at something that suggests a surrealist jig-saw puzzle devised by a Cro-Magnon maniac. But if you chart it through Stalin's actions, policies and private comments, you find it makes a clear and simple picture, because the man saw it that way.

The Nazis had adopted the living-space theory. It wasn't a Hitler invention. A German Jew named Werner Daya enunciated it in a book written in 1917. Daya cursed Hohenzollern Germany for succumbing to the lure of the Atlantic. The logical goal for German military and economic policy was Russian Asia. The new North America was Siberia. Etcetera.

Hitler clipped the Daya programme. All he wanted was the rye and flax fields of White Russia, the bread basket of the West Ukraine, the great iron ore deposits of the Kerch Peninsula, the vast oil wells of the Caucasus, the inexhaustible mineral wealth deposited along the 2,500-mile spine of the Urals. And, of course, the 1,400,000 square miles of European Russia containing these riches.

Looking out at the world from his Kremlin window, Stalin saw that sooner or later he would have to fight. Two land-hungry Powers, Germany and Japan, pressed on his enviable domain. One, Germany, could count on international fascist support. It was the old White v. Red civil-war pattern shaping again on a world scale. He planned and speeded up for total war, played some hot poker hands to assure himself a one- instead of two-front war, in the last phase made a fast deal with Hitler to gain time, and always, and increasingly, turned the Russian mind away from Europe, and in on itself.

The latter process has now gone full circle. "I am an Asiatic," says Stalin. His foreign affairs man adds: "Ours is altogether another world." When he abolished the Comintern, which had made Moscow the capital of international bolshevism, and scrapped the "Internationale," Belgian-composed for Paris Commune workers, for a tremendous new anthem made in Russia for Russians, Stalin closed a whole revolutionary and world cycle. He served notice in foreign capitals by withdrawing the Europeans, men like Maisky and Litvinoff, and replacing them by rocky, reticent, young Slavs, like the new London Ambassador, Feodor Gusev, whose eyes are as cold as Maisky's were warm, and whom you won't find chatting at diplomatic parties.

Now he has new (Continued on page 64)

**Energy
in action!**



As graceful as a gazelle—as lithe and spirited as a young lioness! Such is Marion's joyous health-reward for Mother's wise reliance on Weetabix... a most delicious food for both children and grown-ups. Serve Weetabix at breakfast and onwards... on its own, or with butter, milk, cheese, sardines and in other appetising ways. The priceless blessing of good health is the boon conferred by good, nourishing food.

Serve Weetabix regularly!

Zoned—like all cereals—but perhaps YOU live in a Weetabix area.

Weetabix
MORE than a Breakfast Food

SMALL SIZE
2 POINTS 7½D
LARGE SIZE
4 POINTS 1/1D

WX42A

WEETABIX LTD., BURTON LATIMER, NORTHANTS

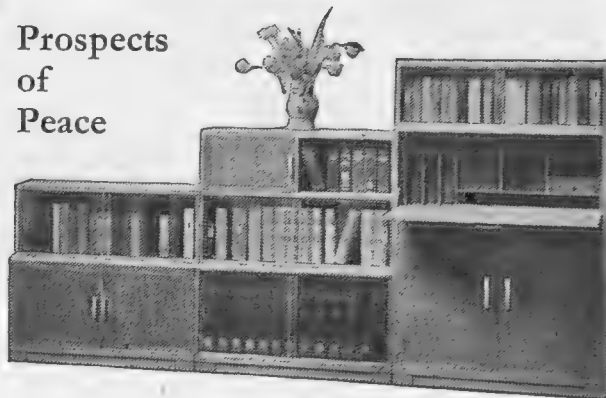


Cash in . . .

. . . on a good idea. Open a banking account for your current expenses and you will find that your savings mount up faster. There is something solid about a bank account, something that gives you prestige in business. You can make your payments by cheque. You can give your bank as a reference and your bank statement will show you how and where your money goes at a glance. A small amount will start a bank account. The local Manager would like to talk to you about it.

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED

**Prospects
of
Peace**



AFTER more than four years of strenuous effort we realise the true value of many things we took as a matter of course in the days before the war. The restful ease of a Minty Chair, for instance, and the pleasure to be obtained from a well filled Minty Bookcase are treasures that we appreciate to-day more than ever.

Prospects are brighter, and we may look forward with confidence to the time when we can make good the gaps now cheerfully borne for Victory. Furnishing plans for the future will inevitably include Minty—for comfort, appearance and value.

MINTY CRAFTSMANSHIP

SECTIONAL BOOKCASES, CHAIRS, ETC.

Minty will make more bookcases and chairs, etc., as soon as they can be sure of obtaining materials of quality sufficient to maintain their traditional standard of excellence.

MINTY LTD., 44/45 HIGH STREET, OXFORD



Mother!

**Child's Best Laxative is
'California Syrup of Figs'**

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs,' and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. This laxative regulates the tender little bowels easily and safely. It sweetens the stomach and moves the bowels without cramping or over-acting.

Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

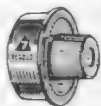
Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages.

Obtainable everywhere at 1/4 and 2/6.



The post-war
New World Gas
Cooker is well
worth waiting
for.

Radiation Ltd



REGULO NEW WORLD
GAS COOKERS



In the interests of National Health

always wash
his hands before
meals with
WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap
1 tablet - 1 coupon

men around him, or old henchmen in new top jobs.

It is not hard to see what Stalin wants if you look out at the world from his Kremlin window. He wants to destroy for ever the fighting power of the land-hungry Germanic tribes, but at the same time block the rise of new units which may become powerful and aggressive on his vulnerable western frontier—a unit, for instance, like the proposed East-European federation, to stretch from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and hold a hundred million or more people. And he doesn't particularly want to see the British and Americans turn the Pacific into an Anglo-American lake when they are through with Japan. He wants to secure his enormous Union while he has the chance.

For great new power groups are arising in a changing world, and the Slav tribal lands may again be coveted. Especially as peoples which cannot expand their living space must decline and in the end merge with other people or die out.

It Could Happen Here (Continued from page 25)

would mean the addition of 60,000 steel workers, if they didn't, said Judge Gary, President of United States Steel.)

"You're a Bolshie!" says my friend. "All I'm telling you is, you had better watch out!"

WELL, we've all been through *that*, or something similar. The thesis of this article is the *achievable* Brotherhood of Man. That will make a lot of people laugh, to begin with. They simply won't believe it, they refuse to believe it. Why? Well: "Haven't you read any history?" they ask. I have, and the more I read it the more puzzled I become over just these facts. And maybe, by now—after over thirty years watching and reporting world events—what "the damned human race," as Mark Twain called it, does to itself—I can give some answers. Answers which, I believe, will make "the damned human race" crack up, if we don't soon adopt some of them.

QUESTION: Why is it that the Labour Parties in the various countries of the world seem to have lost their faith—even before this war began—in their ability to give a spiritual lead to the trend of events in their countries?

ANSWER: I think the desire of the British Labour Party, when in office, is to remain in office—by making a success of its foreign policy—rather than sticking courageously to home problems; e.g., unemployment and the "distressed areas" are largely to blame for this. Labour took the wrong road. The British Liberal Party did the same thing; its chief concern was always the woes of some foreign minority, or race, rather than with home affairs. They let the difficult riddle of crying needs at home go by default. *Example:* Outstanding Liberal newspaper in Britain was raising £32,000 for Czechoslovakia—after Munich. Yet you can search Hansard and find hardly a speech from any Liberal Member of Parliament fighting against the conditions in the Welsh coal valleys at that time.

QUESTION: Why do our so-called statesmen take it as their appointed duty, in office to indulge in intrigue, in hate—always on guard against the so-called statesmen of all other countries?

ANSWER: Because, they are only statesmen, so-called. The fact is that the present type of man holding office in almost any government in the world—the man put there to deal in foreign affairs—automatically believes that international diplomacy is a "game" (as they call it) of intrigue, lies, high-class deception, secret treaties, double-crossing, and malicious intentions—a set of ideas that would land him in jail every day if he followed the same moral conduct in private life. *Examples:* Too numerous and obvious to waste this space on.

QUESTION: Why is the world being so constantly surprised by Soviet Russia? *Example:* "The Russians can't last more

Marshal Stalin Steps Out

Stalin now has a steadily growing family to take care of. He needs a long period of secure peace, and prospering two-way trade, to build his Red Utopia to a point where the people's living standards equal those of Britain and America.

Actually, he looks to a development where standards surpass those of capitalistic countries. That's the aim of the fifteen-year programme which his head planner, Voznesensky, now shapes. When the plan runs out, Stalin will be eighty.

A new war, result of the failure of the British Empire, the United States, and the U.S.S.R. to work together, would wreck the plan, and might topple the whole structure. Amid all the interrogation marks which spring up in the track of his new boot heels, one can be sure that Stalin does not want to die as a mere war lord, his building job for his people unfinished.

END

than six weeks," was the verdict of nearly all Allied military experts when the Germans attacked.

ANSWER: Because from 1917 to 1941 the world was constantly miseducated on the subject of the Soviet ideology. The world's Press is owned by rich men. All individual wealth seemed menaced by the Soviets. The Soviet economic system seemed to work; but if we all join in telling our people that it isn't working—who can prove to them that it is? (This war has!)

THIS is nowhere near a complete dossier of such questions and answers. No present-day magazine article, where space is restricted can do more than spot the high-spots. But these three subjects, if taken together, embrace the subject. The failure of the British Labour Party to give the world a strong spiritual lead was probably the worst catastrophe of the inter-war years, 1919-39. Perhaps the character of Ramsay MacDonald had something to do with it. Vain as a peacock, the almost orgasm he experienced when he appeared at any international conference turned his head away from the dark dilemma of the unemployed miners in Wales. He was having too good a time as the World Peacemaker to take a chance on losing the Premiership by trying to fight for big public works schemes (to put to work the rotting recipients of the "dole"). And he was too terrified of antagonizing the social class to which the big mine owners and industrialists belonged. He, as Labour's leader, therefore turned away from nationalization of national resources, or any real restrictions on British high finance or heavy industry. He sold the pass.

This truth of our present statesmen being nearly all obsolete, as a type, is just beginning to come into the average person's consciousness. It is a new idea. If it takes, such as a good vaccination takes, then we might travel a long way towards a better world with it. We all know that the men we admire as our national figures in one age are very often the ones we have contempt for in the next, even within a decade, or in the serious thinking of a succeeding generation. Before the last war the American big business man—the man who made a fortune—was incontestably held up to be the model container of all the civic virtues in the United States. Now we know that he was more often than not dripping over with vice, both personal and civic. In those callow yet naïve days we firmly believed that to build up a large business fortune required genius. Now we know (some of us) that the chief requisite is a ruthless, unappeasable avarice. By the same trend of ideas, a growing scepticism and a revelation by events, great military figures began to lose in size in the disillusion which followed the last war. Kings, ugh! There was a perfect cascade of thrones in Europe. And not always for the better, so far as their previous underlying populations were concerned. Here the trend of democracy went too far the wrong way. (Continued on page 66)



Gibbs COLD CREAM SOAP *soothes Baby's skin*

Now baby-creams are scarce, Gibbs Cold Cream Soap is more than ever necessary for Baby. This soap is not only specially mild, but it is so richly creamy that it helps to protect from chafing and soreness. See that your baby has the comfort of Gibbs Cold Cream Soap.

D. & W. GIBBS

COLD CREAM SOAP

D. & W. GIBBS, LTD., LONDON, E.C.4

7¹/₂ Including Purchase Tax

GCC27L



The Country

owes much to these hands. It is the inborn skill in their fingers which has given this country its priceless superiority in weapons.

Today these hands are busy fashioning Victory: tomorrow they will once more turn their skill to the task of building cars—among which the Singer will take a proud place—so that we may enjoy the fruits of that Victory.

SINGER MOTORS LTD COVENTRY AND BIRMINGHAM



means
RADIO
and Television too!

KOLSTER-BRANDES LIMITED · FOOTSCRAY · KENT

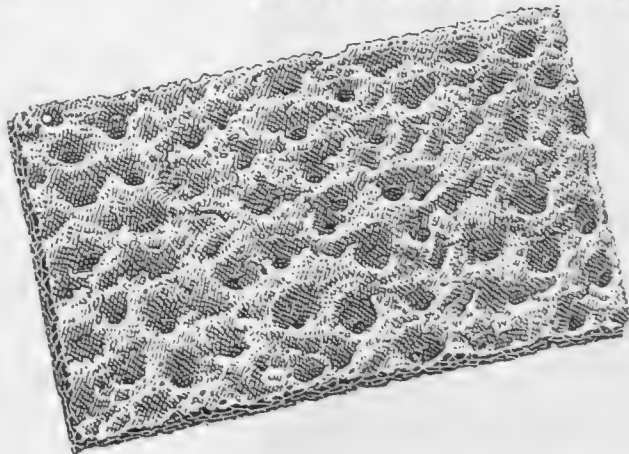
★ *In the districts where you can get it—*

Make do with **ONE**

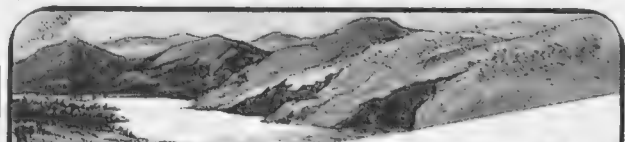
slice of

RYVITA

with each meal



WE MUST SHARE IT ROUND VERY CAREFULLY



Highland Tweeds

SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED MEANTIME. BUT WHEN PEACE RETURNS...
Patterns and Prices from
JOHN SCLATER · Kirkwall-Orkney



We'll be back again...

Make no mistake about it—LIBBY'S will return—but not until Peace is won. Indeed the very reason for their absence is that LIBBY'S 100 Famous Foods★ are away feeding the fighting men who are winning the peace.

★ Californian Fruits and Asparagus
Evaporated Milk. Alaska Salmon
Homogenised Food for Babies

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY LTD.

For in this last instance the professional functionaries and politicians merely stepped into kings' places. Kings, whatever other faults they may have, usually have some uneasy sense of *noblesse oblige*. In some this has amounted to a real tenderness for their subjects. In such cases the best intentions of kings were usually brought to nothing by the machinations of their ministers.

I've visited many a Balkan and European capital, and, having to listen politely to the inside "dope" of the second-rate diplomats in the Foreign Office, felt myself straining against conventions like any animal caught in a trap. I wanted to rush back to my hotel and write: "The second-rate fools who are trying to involve Ruritania and..." But what was the use? In different words, using the polite terminology of the Press, I did say exactly the same thing. But then my reporting was merely accepted as being my point of view; I either did or did not believe in the ethics of Ruritania in this dispute. But—I had interviewed the big shot.

The essential difference is there—that I aided this old school type of diplomacy and so-called statesmanship by reporting seriously what it was doing. Even when, on occasion, I did single out some personage for a personal attack—that was never accepted as being any more than a newspaperman's indictment—of him. The personage as a person, not the system he was a specimen of. Due to this gentility the system, the school of the old style diplomat has not yet been squarely challenged as a school. True, the British diplomatic service is now to be thrown open to boys who have other qualifications than money and/or birth—such new qualification being, we all hope, brains.

But the British diplomatic corps is not my target either in this article. It is better than any other I know, for all its faults—for, and never forget this, it is backed up from behind by a British public opinion which has a truly altruistic feeling of wishing fair play to all concerned. It is not a *mean* service. And

It Could Happen Here

while it was grimly slow on the uptake in waking up to any of the real forces in Europe, all of which were working hard for this war, it certainly did not trade in hatreds. In fact, (perhaps because England already had all of the world's territory that she could handle or that she thought she was strong enough to protect) the British diplomat was distinctly a well-wisher and worker for the universal brotherhood of man.

But, like the British Labour Party, it failed in international affairs to give the strong lead. Under our three "business presidents"—Hardinge, Coolidge, Hoover—the American diplomatic service was hamstrung, so far as any spiritual movement was concerned, as long as those worshippers of big business, either at home or abroad, slept in the White House.

With the result that aside from Soviet Russia's diplomats—whom nobody would believe—the continental school of diplomacy went on being as Bourbon as it was under Talleyrand, Metternich, Bismarck. There were seven nations in Europe when the last war began; there were fourteen when it had finished. And every foreign office, setting itself up in every newly created European state, patterned itself on the duplicit manners and methods of Talleyrand & Co. So did all the new states-makers—the men dealing with making the new, small European states and Germany! If you weren't slick, you were dumb. To be strong and secure, you must encourage internal hatreds.

But—once we get it firmly into our heads that diplomacy and statesmanship are not two institutions, whose main job is to deal in fears, suspicions, hates—with the consequent double-crossings—then a period of real peace might lie ahead for "the damned human race." Brotherhood might begin.

British public opinion might begin this. It could happen here.

END

Adventures—With A Stop Watch

(Continued from page 20)

ceiling as bait for them to land. I have seen the film which was taken, but even the high-speed camera has had a job to slow down the extremely rapid motion sufficiently to see exactly what happens.

It appears, however, that in some cases, at least, what a fly does is to fly towards the ceiling and, as it nears it, it turns on its side, thrusts out its legs and, as they connect with the ceiling, it "touches down." But it may well be that other flies in different conditions perform their ceiling acrobatics by other flying tricks.

High-speed cinematography has been a priceless boon to industry. Machines with fast-moving parts sometimes develop faults which cannot be detected by ordinary means. The high-speed camera, however, can so slow down motion that when engineers study the films they can often detect hitherto elusive faults.

A particularly interesting use of this form of cinematography is in the design of air-

screws and electric fans. Smoke is blown towards the airscrew or fan blade and, while they are whirling at high speed, a film is taken. When these films are studied they show exactly how the air is being thrown off, whether ugly and wasteful vortices are being caused, and supply other useful data to the engineers. The result is that designs can be modified to achieve the best throw-off of the air. Thus the Spitfire and the humble office fan owe debts to high-speed cinematography.

Another method in wide use for timing fast movement is the so-called electric eye. This device consists of two invisible light rays set a given distance apart. When any object passes through the first ray an electric circuit is interrupted and similarly when the second ray is broken. The distance between the two rays is known and also the time lag between the two breaks in the electric circuit. Thus the speed of the object can be accurately measured.

END

The Cosy Little Vole (Continued from page 29)

many individuals living in the same burrow, there is little neighbourliness among them. Of course, voles have many enemies, foremost among them being the stoat and the weasel; these two slim bandits are able to dislodge their quarry even from their newly made homes, for the inland hedges do not afford them such a measure of safety against these two bloodthirsty brigands as did the river-banks.

The field vole and the bank vole closely resemble each other, both having reddish-brown coats, but the latter's underparts are almost pure white in contrast to the greyish-white waistcoat of its larger cousin.

Voies are extremely interesting mammals to study, but to see them at their best they

must be viewed in their aquatic surroundings. They are not difficult to observe, for a walk along almost any river-bank will reveal the portly water vole, or the more dainty bank vole, sitting on a log or in a reedbed, carefully licking its paws, and then passing them behind its ears to make sure that the latter are perfectly clean.

Baby voles, of all three species, are born in cosy nurseries of grasses, moss and shredded leaves which the parents construct at the end of their underground burrows. Although naked and blind at birth, the youngsters grow and develop quickly, and within about eight weeks are difficult to distinguish from the adults.

END

Happy Baby!

To keep Baby happy and contented and to ensure healthful sleep, use Cuticura Talcum every day. It prevents chafing and irritation and imparts a delightful refreshing fragrance to the skin. Of all Chemists & Stores. 198

Cuticura
TALCUM
FOR BABY

Indigestion



You suffer pain and distress after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food simply can't digest and your system is upset in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery when 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will remove the acidity and correct the stomach upset almost immediately? Your food is digested right away and you feel no troublesome after-effects.

If you suffer from acute attacks of gastric pain, try 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets for quick relief. Get them to-day!

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' BRAND (Regd.) TABLETS

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

THE GOVERNMENT ORDER
LIMITING POLISH SUPPLIES
MEANS:



NOW HALF A TIN OF
RONUK
MUST GO AS FAR AS ONE



Hurrah!
BERMALINE BREAD
for tea!

Good, pure, delicious food. A treat to eat - and easily digested.
Baked by good Bakers everywhere.
Enquiries to:
MONTGOMERIE & CO. LTD. - IBROX - GLASGOW.

Cardigan Over Your Dress

(Continued from page 37)

16 decreases made here. Continue to dec. at neck on every 4th row until there are 35 sts. (armhole should be about 8 ins. round curve).

Cast off 7 sts. at outside edge on every other row until there are no sts. left.

THE LEFT FRONT

Cast on and work as right, making shapings at opposite edge.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

Cast on 72 sts. with No. 13 needles. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 10 rows. Change to the patt. and No. 10 needles and work 2 ins. (3 from casting on). Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every other row for another inch. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 20 sts. Cast off.

THE BORDER

This is to be worked in two halves and sewn on afterwards. Cast on 225 sts. with No. 13 needles. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 10 rows. Cast off. Cast on another 188 sts. Work 4 rows rib. Now work buttonholes as follows: Work 4 sts. * cast off 4, work 14 sts.; rep. from * until the buttonholes reach up to start of neck, dec. when strip is put to front edge. Continue to end in rib.

NEXT ROW

Rib up to casting off, * turn, cast on 4 sts., turn, rib to next buttonhole, rep. from * to end of row. Work 4 more rows rib. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew in sleeves, easing for 4 ins. across shoulders.

Sew on edging strips very neatly, tacking first to see that the edge neither gathers nor drags. Sew on buttons.

LARGER SIZES

1 oz. more wool is needed.

THE BACK (36 size)

Cast on 114 sts. instead of 102. Inc. to 146 instead of 134. Reduce to 102 sts. and finish shoulders as 34 size.

THE FRONTS

Cast on 54 sts. instead of 48. Inc. to 70 sts. instead of 64. Make 22 decreases at armhole instead of 16 and finish as 34 size.

38 size

Use No. 9 needles instead of No. 10 and work as 36 size.

END

Blouse Beneath Your Suit

(Continued from page 37)

Work on half the sts. only, knitting 2 tog. at centre to make 88 sts. on each side. K. 2 tog. at armhole edge on every row until there are 17 decreases. Work straight until armhole is 8 ins. round curve. Cast off all sts. at once. Work other side the same.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

Cast on 77 sts. Work patt. for 2 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until side seams are 4 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 36 sts. Cast off. Work a strip of patt. for cuffs on 77 sts. for 4 ins.

THE WAISTBELT

Cast on 3 sts. Work st.st. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 11 sts. Now work the patt. and continue inc. until there are 47 sts. Work straight for 28 ins. (measured from start of 47 sts.). K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 3 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew one long edge of cuff to sleeve with right sides tog. Fold cuff in half and sew other long edge to sleeve on wrong side. Turn back cuff. Gather 5 ins. of front shoulder next the neck and sew to back shoulders. Sew in sleeves, gathering at shoulders. Press neck edge into a hem, but do not sew. Gather into 26 ins. of centre of waistbelt with 2 ins. gap at centre front.

END

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



KERFOOT'S MEDICATED PASTILLES

embodying the
manufacturing
experience of
eighty years

MENTHOL & EUCALYPTUS
CATARRH · ANTISEPTIC THROAT

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd.
Vale of Bardsley
Lancashire

P1

**DISCREETLY
DIFFERENT**

... is the girl who wears
TANGEE. Your favourite
peace-time lipstick - Natural
or Theatrical Red - is avail-
able in handy battledress
size. From your N.A.A.F.I.
canteen, chemist or store.



TANGEE 10³
BATTLEDRESS SIZE

Lipstick refills in Tangee Natural and Theatrical
Red, available in med. and large sizes 2 1/2 and 5 1/2



"I used to be a martyr to pain on 'certain' days, and my nerves 'all on edge'. Now, thank goodness, just a dose of Cephos and one day is no different from another for me, and I am able to go about my usual occupation quite happily." No wonder most modern women regularly rely upon Cephos for quick relief from pain. Cephos also brings quick relief to those who suffer from Headache and Neuralgic Pains. Sold everywhere in Tablet or Powder form. 8 Powders or 16 Tablets 1/3. 21 Powders or 42 Tablets 3/-. Single dose 2d. Including Purchase Tax.

Cephos
THE
PHYSICIANS'
REMEDY

the Huns they remained locked in their private thoughts.

The factory was in the Chemnitz district and, by listening to the guards, Werner guessed that they were about forty miles to the south-east of Leipzig.

There were several simple lathes and thorough classes of instruction. Werner understood at once that this was a training school as well as a corrective establishment for those who were still "obstinate." He set himself to be a model pupil. After two months he was given the job of supervising six lathes.

One morning he was called into the works manager's office.

"I have looked at your record," grunted the German. "You have behaved well here."

"Thank you, mein Herr," said Werner.

The man stamped a card and handed it to him. "You are being transferred, Legér, to another factory. You are now a skilled workman and if you do your job the pay will be better and there will be more food. You will find that the Reich respects a good workman."

WERNER and six others were driven off in a lorry. The lorry bumped over rough roads for nearly four hours. They were heading eastwards, and Werner judged that they had by-passed Dresden. The lorry crunched to a standstill outside a big gate. Two heavily armed guards studied the driver's pass before opening the gate. Werner noticed the high wall and barbed wire with searchlight posts mounted so as to command what looked like a barrack square. This would be no easy place to leave.

HE wiped the sweat from his face, keeping a wary eye on Lutz, the foreman.

Werner had no doubt in the world now what was being turned out at Leibnergratt, although no map outside Germany showed the place. Great bars of tempered alloy steel stretched the whole length of the huge shop ready to be fed into the lathes. They would come out as torpedo shafts.

"The enemy thinks that the U-boat war is finished," one of the German workers had boasted. "It has just begun, and it will smash them..." From the confident manner in which the foreman talked Werner guessed that those shafts were going into no ordinary torpedoes. Some new deadly weapon was being evolved between those high walls. Otherwise, how could one account for the secrecy and the strict precautions? The workers were never allowed out of the factory grounds.

Werner heaved a grateful sigh as the siren blew. Another day over. He wiped his hands and fell into line with the others ready to be marched off to the huts. As always, he looked round hastily, trying to memorize every detail of the shop. This was his one chance of ever getting away.

Yes, everything was much as usual. For about ten minutes the shop was deserted except for a few cleaners who swept the floors and trundled out the bins of scrap before the night shift filed in. Werner had worked out every detail a hundred times. As the day shift marched off to the huts some fell out to buy cigarettes or postage stamps at the store. With luck, he might be able to slip back to the shop and make for the main switch. The sudden darkness would cause confusion, and for a precious few minutes the searchlights would be out of action. Once outside, he would run like a lunatic and take his chance.

A few months more in Leibnergratt and he would lose even the urge to escape. And somewhere in Magdeburg was a man who could get a message to Bomber Command in England...

Barely a week later came the kind of weather he wanted. A thick, steamy mist had

crept down from the hills. It hung soupiily over Leibnergratt in the valley. It oozed into the shops and made the men cough and curse over their machines. In less than a week their crowd would be on the night shift, and Werner knew suddenly that this was his last chance.

Things moved for him like scenes in a film he had seen before. He fell back as the others crowded into the store eager for a smoke. In a matter of seconds he was edging back to the shop in the mist. He waited agonizingly for the guard to move, then he slipped in and crouched against the wall. All but a few lights had been switched off in the interests of fuel economy. He could see the sweepers moving about between the lathes. The only bright light came from the office on the balcony. That would be the scientist from Berlin who had arrived that morning. No doubt he was designing some terrible improvement for the torpedo, thought Werner as he inched his way along the wall shadows. Sweat was pouring down Werner's face. In a few minutes the night shift would be in. But that damned sweeper was still nosing about near the switch.

Werner looked around quickly. No chance of getting to that switch now. He would have to get up on the balcony and come down the other side. With head down he crawled up the stairs and walked on hands and knees along the balcony. He was about to pass the lighted window when the man at the desk got up and went to the door. The door was half open. Werner saw the man just as he himself was spotted. He dived for the man's legs and sent him headlong back into the room. His fingers closed over the scientist's throat and he felt a tremendous strength surging through him. With his knee on the scientist's chest he reached for a paperweight on the desk. Then he crashed it down twice, three times on the close-cropped head.

He stood up, breathing heavily, and cautiously peered into the shop below. The lights were on now and the night shift was moving in through the door. He glanced round quickly and noticed the scientist's hat and coat on the stand in the corner. He crossed the room and put on the coat and hat. A good fit and a splendid coat with a beaver collar and a nice fur lining. Then he put his hand inside the man's breast pocket. Wallet, keys, letters. He rammed them into the overcoat pocket and was about to go when he noticed a badge in the jacket lapel. He ripped it out impatiently and pocketed it. Then he pulled the hat well down over his eyes, turned up the high overcoat collar and switched off the light.

He hurried down the stairs and went out of the shop. A guard loomed up.

"n abend," snapped Werner. "Bring my car."

"Yes, Herr Professor. At once."

Werner felt the blood racing through his veins as he stalked towards the big gates. At any moment he might hear hurried footsteps pursuing him. Any one might go into the Herr Professor's office. But all was quiet and the searchlights remained blind. A car with powerful headlights threw a pool of light over him. He backed hastily, remembering in sudden panic that his canvas shoes showed under the long overcoat. The car slid to a standstill and a uniformed chauffeur stepped out and clicked his heels.

"You stay here," grunted Werner. "I must go back for some papers."

"But, Herr Professor..." the man blurted in surprise.

Werner brushed past him and eased himself into the driver's seat as the gates swung open. The car slid forward and into the night. Mercedes-Benz, thought Werner as he stroked the steering wheel with loving fingers.

He pressed down on the accelerator and the car seemed to leap through the dark with a roar. He hoped the windows were bullet-proof, and strained for the sound of pursuit. But all was quiet. Magdeburg. Herr Ritter, the baker. A little shop near the Breiler Weg. About 200 miles, he judged, and in this car he might do it in less than three hours. . . . But long before then someone would find the dead Herr Professor.

Afraid of leaving too many tracks, he ran the Mercedes over a bridge into the River Elbe near Dessau and spent the rest of the night shivering under a haystack. Three hours later, just as Herr Ritter was opening his shutters in Magdeburg, he was politely approached by an important-looking gentleman who asked for a loaf of bread and said two words that seemed nonsense but meant much to Herr Ritter. Werner was quickly ushered into a back room and then hidden in a cellar. Only when the shutters went up that night was he able to give Herr Ritter a full explanation. For a baker he seemed to have a first-class idea of map-drawing, and his plan of Leibnergratt would have delighted Group Captain Richards of the R.A.F.

HOW Werner got across Europe will make a thrilling reading after the war.

It took him nearly six months to reach Lisbon. The British Consular people fitted him up with a suit of clothes and stood him a good meal but he didn't tell them the whole story. That was reserved for Colonel Lamprey. But he did learn with some satisfaction that the Nazi plant at Leibnergratt had been richly plastered some three months previously. Herr Ritter had done his part of the job.

Werner arrived in Whitehall just as Colonel Lamprey was going out to lunch.

"You must join me. I want to hear all the news," said the colonel briskly.

Over cigars and excellent brandy they talked in low tones.

"Good job of work, that," commented the colonel. "By the way, did you hear about your brother while you were in Germany?"

"I killed him with a paperweight," said Werner quietly.

"Well, I'm damned," gasped Lamprey. "The Nazis announced some weeks ago that he had died of heart failure in a concentration camp."

The sergeant was silent for a while. "It is better like that," he said.

END

In the article "Second in Command" which appeared on page 29 of the March issue, the descriptions of these two portraits were unfortunately transposed. This is how the portraits should have been described.



Senior Controller
MARY BAXTER-ELLIS



Group Officer
I. M. CAMPBELL



Shirt maker

by Wolsey

WOLSEY LIMITED LEICESTER

T.W.



HIGH-LIGHT

Fair Prospects Little Lady

The world would be very old—but for your youth. It would be full of sighs—without your smiles. Have faith in tomorrow. Even now there are golden edges to the clouds. Just think of the good things to look forward to, including, we can assure you, plenty of lovely **joyce** shoes.

joyce

(CALIFORNIA)

JOYCE (CALIFORNIA) LIMITED, 17-18 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1. (WHOLESALE ONLY)